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A MONTHLY MAGAZINE,

DEVOTED TO

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART,

AND THE

Political Principles of 1776 & 1860.

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THE OLD GUARD:

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE, DEVOTED TO THE PRINCIPLES OF 1776 AND 1787.

VOLUME VII.—MAY, 1869.—No. V.

THE "FIFTEENTH AMENDMENT."

THE Providence *Journal* gives, as a reason for the Legislature of Rhode Island postponing, until the May session, the consideration of the fifteenth proposed amendment of the Constitution, that the people of that State are jealous of loosing the sovereignty which the Constitution withholds from the Federal Government. It says :

"That this amendment will not be construed according to their wishes. Then again, they do not feel quite sure that this will be the last amendment they will be called upon to adopt to the Constitution of the United States. The next thing they may be called upon to relinquish, may be their equal representation in the Senate. And above all, while the State concedes to the Federal Government sovereignty as to the powers delegated to that government, the people adhere with tenacity to the sovereignty of the State as to the powers not delegated to the Federal Government. It is useless to deny this fact. This was

the faith of the grandfathers of the present generation, and the grandchildren have inherited it."

This is a wise, and, we hope, timely caution on the part of the people of that State, for when they have relinquished such a large piece of the sovereignty of the State as this amendment calls for, the door is thrown wide open to strip it of all that remains; although in law and justice, no State can be bound by such an amendment which refuses its assent to it, because the subject matter of the proposed amendment was never any part of the Federal Constitution. It is fallacious to suppose that an instrument can be *amended* in a thing that is not a part of it. And as this proposed change would be entirely new matter, no State can be legally bound by it, except by its own consent. Suppose the large

States should propose to amend the Constitution in the matter of Senatorial representation, so as to allow but one Senator to each of the smaller States, thus stripping these States of the sovereignty which is absolutely reserved to them in the Constitution, will any one contend that any State can be legally so divested of its rights except by its own consent? Suppose three quarters of the States should vote to so alter the Constitution as to compel every white man to take for a *concubine* a black woman, could any State which refused to ratify such a change in the organic law be legally and justly bound by it? No. And why? Because no State, in becoming a member of the Federal compact, ever delegated to the Federal Government, and three-quarters of the States, jurisdiction over the subject matter involved in such a change. And no more did any State, in ratifying the Constitution, delegate to the Federal Government and three-quarters of the States jurisdiction over the subject matter involved in the so-called fifteenth amendment. It is new matter; and therefore it can bind no State not assenting to it. Long after the Constitution had been ratified by nine States, little Rhode Island refused to ratify it, and it was not claimed that she was bound by any of its provisions until she did ratify it. And in relation to all new matter, that is, matter not delegated in the Constitution, each State stands in the same relation, or non-relation, to all the rest that it did before it ratified the Constitution. On all matters not delegated, each State stands as independent and complete in its sovereignty as it did before the Federal Government

was formed. A State can no more be legally stripped of an atom of its undelegated powers by a bargain between Congress and three-fourths of the States, than it can by a bargain between England and France. This will not be denied by any respectable lawyer in America. The principle is perfectly plain every where. No act of legislation, or resolution of a legislative body, can be "amended" by attaching new matter to it. Every attempt to do so is always ruled out, as not being in order. And a constitution, which is a compact between co-equal sovereign communities, binds the parties to it on no matter not specified in the instrument. But the Constitution of the United States especially declares that: "The powers not delegated to the United States, are reserved to the States respectively, or to the people." These powers can be taken from the States, neither by the Federal Congress, nor by three-fourths of the States combined for that purpose. The consent of each State must be obtained before any of the undelegated powers can be lawfully exercised by any body but itself. They are as much a part of the State as the lungs or the heart, are parts of the human body. They are powers which cannot be surrendered by a State, without giving up its political being. Without these powers it would cease to be a State, within the meaning of the Constitution of the United States, or within any meaning ever attached to the word *States*. The power of Congress and three-fourths of the States to take away these rights, under the title of an amendment to the Constitution, or under any other title, would imply a power in three-

quarters of the States to blot the other quarter out of existence without its consent. The right of regulating its own franchise is just as necessary to the political life of a State as the heart is to the life of the human body. On becoming a member of the Union, no State surrendered any fraction of this right. It is not in the instrument of Union, the Constitution, and cannot, therefore, be the subject of an amendment to the Constitution. An amendment of the Constitution, by which three-fourths of the States should annihilate all the vested rights of the people of the other fourth without their consent, would not be a greater absurdity than this proposition to strip the States of the right of controlling their own franchise, under the title of an amendment to the Constitution. It is simply to overthrow the organic being of the States, and to invest the Federal Government with imperial powers. If it is competent for any number of States to wipe themselves out in this way, no one, surely, will contend that they have the right thus to annihilate other States against their own sovereign will. The Constitutions of most of the Northern States have provisions in relation to negroes, which this so-called amendment would violate—provisions which are older than the Federal Constitution, embracing matter that the States reserved to themselves when they formed the Constitution, and which never can be lawfully exercised by any other power except by their own free consent. It is not competent for three-fourths of the States to take it away from any State not consenting. Such a change would not

be an *amended* Constitution, but it would be a *new Constitution*, and would be binding upon no State which refused to adopt it.

The power to control the franchise of a State can no more be taken from it by an amendment to the Federal Constitution, than the power of a State over its own paupers can be thus taken away. And here is a point which will open wide the door for the South to compel its negroes to labor, as any State now may its white paupers.

The Supreme Court of the State of Connecticut has recently rendered a decision which may yet have, in the way of a precedent, an important bearing on the labor question of the South. It related to the powers of the Selectmen of the towns in cases where parents neglect or refuse to provide for the support of their minor children; and, in the particular case referred to, it seems that a man of some wealth had been divorced from his wife (to whom the custody of the minor children was given by order of the Court), and he thereafter refused to make any provision either for her support or that of the children. The divorced wife was accordingly obliged to apply to the Selectmen of the town for aid. This was rendered, and the divorced husband was called upon to foot the bill. Upon his refusal to do so, he was arrested by order of the Selectmen, taken to the Almshouse, and set to work, under the pauper act of the State. A writ of *habeas corpus* was sued out before the Superior Court, the case heard, and a decision given in favor of the right exercised by the Selectmen. Upon a review of the case before the Su-

preme Court, the decision below was affirmed. This settled the law for Connecticut; so that a man who neglects or refuses to provide for his own children, can be forced to work under the compulsory rules of the Almshouse, and the fruits of his labor be applied towards their support. This is the law for white men in one, if not all, of the New England States. But what a howl of denunciation would this same New England send up, if a similar law was to be enforced against black men in Virginia; if the lazy, idle, vagrant "freedmen" of the Old Dominion were thus set to work, under the compulsory rules of the New England Almshouse, to support themselves and their vagrant offspring! But no matter for this howling, so long as the right remains with the State to compel its idle and pauper class to labor for the support of themselves and children. In this way eighth-tenths of the negroes of the South might be forced to work even now, under such laws and regulations as the State pleases to make. No amendment to the Federal Constitution can ever divest the State of this right, so long as it refuses its assent to the change.

We are not yet of the opinion that three-fourths of the States will ratify this so-called amendment to give negroes the right of universal voting. But, if they should, the rights of the dissenting States in the premises are not legally impaired. They still will have the right even to put to death every Federal emissary who should come into the State for the purpose of overthrowing its Constitution and subverting its government, through the agency of voting negroes. It is not too

soon now for the white people of all the States to begin to organize for the purpose of resisting this abomination of negro voting. At whatever cost, it must be resisted. Better, ten thousand times better, that every negro on this continent, together with the unnatural white scoundrels who seek to inflict such an irreparable curse upon the country, should be swept at once into the pains of hell-fire. We know that in some of the Northern States the true white men are firmly organizing in this direction. Let the movement be put through in every State. When the conflict begins in earnest, it will carry to the side of the white men nine-tenths of all the fighting pluck of the country. Then may God have mercy on the souls of the other tenth, for they will be swept away like feathers on a stormy tide! The thunder-voice of the "W. M. L." will leap into the sky even out of New England, and reverberate over this land, until the white man has laid his foes in the dust, and vindicated his eternal right to rule America. The awful words, that "*dead men tell no tales!*" will be the only epitaph of every traitor to his race and his oath. By the blood that our fathers shed to establish a free white man's government here, the appeal shall be made to every proud son of his race, until the work of our political redemption is complete. The unnatural sons of our race, who mean to Africanize our beloved country, must be served as the tea in Boston harbor was — *'hrown overboard!* That will leave our old ship of State with none but "*white on deck!*" and all the "Fifteenth Amendment" traitors will be in the hold! What hold? "*Dead men tell no tales!*"

NORTHERN DELUSIONS ABOUT NEGROES.

It is painful to witness the delusions and follies which have thoroughly possessed the public mind in this country in relation to negroes, and what was called "slavery." "Slavery," every body was in the habit of saying, "was a great evil, and I am glad to say it is done away with." And this is repeated as a parrot may repeat the Lord's Prayer, or some terrible oaths, without knowing what it was saying. Every man who has any information on the subject knows that there was no population on the face of the earth so happy, and so well-cared for as the negroes of the South were before this great folly and crime of what is called "emancipating" them. So what was called "slavery" was no evil to the negro, but, on the other hand, an incalculable blessing to him. And, so far from it being true that the negro's subjection was an evil to the white man, every man of ordinary information now perceives that it was the greatest benefit to our race. The four millions of negroes working in the Southern States produced staples that employed, at least, two-thirds of the capital and white industry of the country. This point has been so often and so thoroughly presented in this magazine, that I shall not dwell upon it at this time. I only desire to call attention to the fact that, not what is called "slavery"

was a curse either to the negro or the white race, but the irremediable curse to both races is this horrid delusion denominated "emancipation." It has stripped capital of its most profitable investment, and white labor of its most remunerating employment. The man who does not already begin to comprehend this alarming fact, must be still laboring under a delusion that no sense nor argument can reach.

And what has it done for the poor negro? Why, it has cursed him irretrievably and inhumanly. It has robbed him of a comfortable and happy home, where he was more contented and more virtuous than he can possibly be under any other condition, and has started him on the old road back to barbarism. There is not a spot on earth where "emancipation" has not done precisely the same thing. I challenge the men who are the authors of this appalling wrong to produce a single instance where "emancipation" has not brought the most cruel misery upon the black race. This negro "emancipation" is no new thing. It is both a white man's and a negro's curse, with which history has made us too familiar. No: it is neither reason nor justice which has given birth to negro "emancipation" anywhere; but it is romance and idle falsehood—tales, in the first instance, about "kidnapping the

unoffending inhabitants of Africa," as the Rev. Albert Barnes has it. Baseless romance! These negroes were not *kidnapped* in Africa, they were *bought*—bought of the their husbands, fathers, brothers, and kings. The Rev. Stephen Kay, a missionary of Africa, gives the story of a mother who perpetually importuned him to bury her daughter, whom she wished to sell for a strip of red cloth. Such is the foundation of the barbarous stories of "kidnaping in Africa." The same missionary tells us that the Kaffir "is scarcely seen to shed tears, excepting when the chief lays violent hands upon some of his cattle; this pierces him to the heart, and produces more real grief than would be evinced over the loss of either wife or child." Indeed, the relations of wife and child, as we understand them, are unknown in savage Africa. A negro's women are simply his property. He buys as many as he can, and sells or kills whenever he pleases. In no civilized or Christian sense, are they his *wives*—they are his *women*. A *slave* is the standard of value in Africa, as gold was in this country, before the Democratic party lost power. Those negroes who are brought from Africa as "slaves," were "slaves" in Africa—"slaves" to savage owners, who sell or kill and eat them, as their interest or appetite dictates. In Fletcher's "Studies of Slavery," it is estimated that of the 50,000,000 negroes in Africa, 40,000,000 are "slaves." Dr. Lugenbeck estimates that four-fifths of the negroes are "slaves." So Landen says: "It would be speaking within compass to say that four-fifths of the entire population of this country are slaves." And such "slaves!" It

would be a Christian benevolence, and an act of enlightened philanthropy, could every negro in Africa be placed in precisely the condition our Southern blacks were, before this stupenduous folly of "emancipation." Do I say this because I am an enemy to the negro? No, as God lives, but because I am his friend!—because I would see every creature, whom God hath made, placed in a condition to enjoy the highest possible happiness, according to the gifts and wants of his nature. My friends, you who are enlightened on this subject, you who have information sufficient to entitle you to an opinion, I know, fully accord with this view. And it is best for our country, best for these *Bureau-ridden* negroes, best for the cause of religion and civilization everywhere, that we should now declare the whole truth plainly. What patriot can longer hold still, when such tremendous plans are going on to *Africanize* our beloved country? I repeatedly challenged Mr. Phillips, and other distinguished advocates of negro "emancipation," to a full, fair, and dispassionate discussion of this momentous question. If I am capable of judging of my own motives, I have been governed by no other spirit than that of a profound love of my country in making these challenges. None of the advocates of negro-suffrage or negro-equality have ever yet ventured upon a discussion of the vital question, as to whether the negro is even of our race. Dare they do it now? They have Congress, elected under a delusion quite as monstrous as that of New England witchcraft; they have more than two-thirds of the press on their side; and they have public

opinion, manufactured by every appliance, except that of argument and equal and honorable debates ; now dare they, with all their advantages in the start, submit their notions to the test of discussion, when they have no other advantages over their opponents? Abuse is "as easy as lying;" but willingness to debate is the test of honesty. But instead of debating the question, they have entrenched themselves behind a system of the most stupendous lying. And as falsehood alone gave them their triumph, they still cling to it as the only means of keeping themselves in power. The keeping up of perpetual hatred of the Southern people in the public mind of the North is still the chief business of even our prostituted pulpits. It is but a few weeks ago that one of the most distinguished preachers in Connecticut declared in a sermon that: "The slave-master selling his own child was one of the most common events of the South before the North took the control of things there."

It cannot be supposed that this statement was meant for an argument. It was of a purely mischievous intent, viz. : to excite hatred towards a class of American citizens. It belongs to that kind of preaching which is, alas! too common, and which, under the specious name of "universal human brotherhood," is doing its utmost to produce an almost *universal human tigerhood*. There is no law of love, nor of justice, which it does not violate. There is no precept of the Gospel which it does not abuse. What is the penalty, under the divine law, of those who bear false witness against their neighbors? I have just as much

right to deny the charge in this statement as the Rev. gentleman had to make so revolting an assertion. What was the name of the "slaveholder" who sold his own child? Where did he live? Give us the name, and the place, and the time. It is an easy matter for any calumniator to report as disgusting a story about even the Reverend gentleman who makes this charge. But suppose it were true that a "slaveholder" did sell his own child? that would only prove that an individual had done an unworthy deed. And it would be no more evidence against "slaveholders," as a class, than the terrible fact that many fathers and mothers, here in the North, sell their own daughters into prostitution, would be evidence against us as a class. All know that such cases have been before our courts. What kind of Christians are we, who, with beams in our own eyes, set ourselves continually to the business of casting out motes from our brother's eye? What kind of Christians are we, who are, by profession, "mischief-makers," "broilers," "false accusers," and "backbiters?" What kind of Christians are we, who habitually degrade our own race, for the unworthy purpose of forcing another race into a position for which God never designed it? What kind of Christians are we, who seek continually to fix upon the Southern people the disgrace of *mulattoism*, when it is here, in the North, that this very thing prevails to a much greater extent than it did among the Southern people? The following table, which has been already published, taken from the United States Census of 1850, discloses the ratio of mulattoes born

in the North and in the South. I give only the round numbers, throwing off the fractional figures :

SOUTHERN STATES.		NORTHERN STATES.	
<i>Ratio of Mulattoes to 100 Negroes.</i>		<i>Ratio of Mulattoes to 100 Negroes.</i>	
Alabama	7	California	9
Arkansas	16	Connecticut	30
Delaware	9	Illinois	85
Florida	10	Indiana	89
Georgia	6	Iowa	87
Kentucky	17	Maine	51
Louisiana	14	Massachusetts ..	34
Maryland	14	Michigan	76
Mississippi	7	New Hampshire	54
Missouri	18	New Jersey	18
North Carolina ..	12	New York	19
South Carolina ..	4	Ohio	129
Tennessee	10	Pennsylvania ..	40
Texas	15	Rhode Island ...	24
Virginia	17	Vermont	40
		Wisconsin	87

Thus the Census show that, for every one hundred negroes in the State of Massachusetts, there were thirty-four mulattoes born, to *four* in South Carolina. The mulatto babies in Connecticut were *thirty* to every hundred negroes, while in the State of Georgia they are only *six* to every hundred negroes. Thus, while the Connecticut divine attempts to bring d'sgrace upon the people of the South for intercourse of whites with blacks, his own State is guilty of the same thing to five times g eater extent. And this, I am ashamed to say, is a fair specimen of the kind of *justice* we have dealt out to the Southern people. It is by such representations that we have filled the Northern mind full of hatred of our Southern fellow-citizens. How long has this thing been going on in our Northern pulpits, school-houses, newspapers? My friends, let some of us, at least, try to be just. God is not dead—history is not dead; and the end of these things is not yet! As sure as God liveth,

justice will one day be done to us, and to those whom we have calumniated! There is a day coming when history will be written; and in that day all the tares and lies which we have sown will be weeded out of the record! How shall we stand before the civilized world then? Do not the men of New England now look back with shame upon the history of witchcraft? Let us take care that we do not identify our fame with a delusion, and a wrong that will bring a still deeper blush upon the cheeks of our children! One of the greatest minds of Europe has already said: "The South wanted black servants and the North did not, and so they went to war about it." This monstrous folly, of attempting to make another and inferior race our equals, is simply a war upon the designs of the Almighty. What God hath made unequal, let no man attempt make equal! If we dare to mingle our blood with the race for whom we have murdered so many white men, women and children, what is the terrible penalty? A diseased and scrofulous offspring, which, in the third generation, becomes incapable of propagating its species. Out of the mouth of one of the old Hebrew prophets, God pronounced His curse upon all "*mingled people*," or mongrel breeds of men. And how shall they escape wrath, who become the cause and the instruments of *mongrelism*?

In ancient times the mighty nations of Carthage and Egypt went out through this back door of mingled bloods, or mongrelism. And in our own day we see sister republics in Mexico, and in South and Central America, going out the same way. Mongrelism, or the mingling

of black and white blood, is the gateway of national death. In trying to retreat that way ourselves, we find many old paths which self-doomed nations have trod before us.

Let us no longer have our minds drawn off by the terrible consequences of negro equality, by pathetic appeals about the cruelty of *negro inferiority and subgenation*. After we prove that such is the natural and only just relation existing between the two races, we are met by no argument, but only with romances about some such thing as the separation of families, caused by the institution of "slavery." But *emancipation* has caused more separations among negro families in the short space of four years, than the institution of *negro subgenation* did in half a century. Forced separations!—separations commanded by the most cruel of all laws—the imperious demand of the stomach for bread.

And there never was a time since the foundation of this Union, when the property institutions of the North did not separate more white families, than the institution of the South did negro families. It has often cut through our heart like a knife to witness the blooming daughters of the poor of our own native State of Maine, forced away, by inexorable necessity, from all the sanctity and restraints of home, into distant factories, where, taking into consideration the quality of their race, they are a thousand times more truly "slaves" than any blacks of the South ever were. The factory bell is the stern command of the most pitiless of all masters.

They are rung out of their beds in the morning, rung into the factory, and rung out again, where their poor lives are wasted in unwomanly toil. Do you say it is a voluntary thing with them? Yes, they can do it or starve. But it is not a voluntary thing whether these innumerable sons and daughters of the poor will remain at home, in the blessed society of their parents, or be scattered to the four quarters of the world. The incessant, griping conflict between capital and labor, and the open mouths of their five hungry senses, command them to leave—separate them, and often forever. Have we never seen tears scalding the cheeks of parents, in New England, as they bid adieu to their children, who were forced out of their presence, and, we may say, sold to perpetual toil, by pitiless destiny? How many of these blooming daughters of the poor ever return to the paternal roof, the spotless plants they went away? We dare not ask! O ye reverend divines of New England, who have such oceans of tears to shed over the imaginary wrongs of distant negroes, can ye not spare one tear for these bruised, and wronged, and lost daughters of your own race? If you would rebuke the curse of a slavery which separates families, and brings blight and eternal death upon thousands of the sweetest flowers of life, here it is in your own midst, planted irreparably in the foundations of your institutions! O! that I could persuade you to set yourselves to mending affairs at home a little! No negro in the South ever tasted such anguish as thousands of your own race are

tasting every day around you. No negro in the South ever tasted any real anguish at all, until the meddlesome villainy of northern fanatics and adventurers turned them out of their happy homes, and put into their poor brains notions and plans

which are sure to end in their destruction, unless some lucky turn of the tide of fortune places them back again under the direction and control of their old masters, and only true friends.



GIVE ME THE LAND OF RUINS AND GRAVES.

Yes, give me the land where the ruins are spread,
 And the living tread light on the hearts of the dead ;
 Yes, give me a land that is blest by the just,
 And bright with the deeds of the down-trodden dust ;
 Yes, give me the land where the battles' red blast
 Has flashed on the future, the form of the past ;
 Yes, give me a land that has legends and lays,
 That tell of the memories of long-vanished days ;
 Yes, give me a land that hath story and song,
 To tell of the strife of the right with the wrong ;
 Yes, give me a land with a grave in each spot,
 And names in the graves that shall not be forgot ;
 Yes, give me the land of the wreck and the tomb,
 There's a grandeur in graves—there's glory in gloom—
 For out of the gloom future brightness is born,
 As after the night, comes the sunrise of morn ;
 And the graves of the dead, with the grass overgrown,
 May yet form the footstool of liberty's throne ;
 And each single wreck of the war-path of might
 Shall yet be a rock in the temple of right.

THE CUB OF THE PANTHER;

A MOUNTAIN LEGEND.

BY W. GILMORE SIMMS, ESQ.*

BOOK THIRD.

CHAPTER I.

THE LADY OF FAIRLEIGH LODGE.

WE shall now leave our melancholy hunter to pursue his solitary vocation among the mountain gorges, concentrating himself, as he proposes to do, in the search after their wild inhabitants ; and striving, as well as he can, to forget that capricious beauty who had so enslaved his fancies, wounded his affections and mortified his pride.

The scene at the wedding, the amorous sports of the Chinquapin hunt, in which she had shown herself so willingly a companion of young Fairleigh, and so evidently satisfied to do him pleasure, sufficed to convince Michael Baynam that *she was not for him!* and, whatever the pain he suffered, from the defeat of a hope which he had so long nursed, and which was so near to his heart, his good sense came to the succor of his self-esteem, and

yielded him the requisite firmness which enabled him to resolve, and to adhere inflexibly to the resolve, to shake her off from all hold upon his hopes, if not upon his desires.

He declared nothing of this resolution to Sam Fuller or Mattie, his wife ; but they could both comprehend his purpose, from his conduct, as fully as if he had spoken his resolve in so many words. They were equally delighted to see him resume his ancient vocation with the eagerness of his own hounds ; and Sam Fuller again rejoiced in the daily companionship of the famous hunter in the chase : while Mattie Fuller, his sister, exulted in the idea that he had most effectually broken away from the snares of that "artful puss," as she called Rose Carter, who had hitherto so possessed his fancies.

Enough to say that Mike Baynam had seen enough to convince him that he had to lament over the loss

* Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1868, by W. Gilmore Simms, Esq., author and proprietor in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the District of South Carolina.

of his most grateful hope! If he had entertained a lurking notion that the capricious beauty would yet veer about with the breeze of fancy, and again bestow upon him a countenance of favor, he was soon dispossessed of this dream by events which quickly followed, the tidings of which were not slow to reach his ears. He did not know, however, till a week or more after the Chin-quapin hunt, that while Master Edward Fairleigh was indulging in its amorous privileges with the fair coquette, his mother, the stately widow Fairleigh, of Fairleigh Lodge, was the companion of her invalid mother. She had carried home Rose Carter on the day of that *charivari*, and remained with the mother while the young people went out upon the hunt.

What was the purpose of the stately and proud woman in this sudden and excruciating attention to her poor but pompous neighbor?

Such was the question that Aunt Betsey put to herself.

"What, I wonder's, in the wind now?" muttered the ancient maiden when the rich widow had made her first visit. But when she brought Rose home, and spoke of her in raptures, and took her seat, and cajoled the vain mother with the most delusive blarney, the wonder of the good aunt increased beyond all calculation.

"Well, I swow!" she ejaculated, as she turned away from the group, "it's clean past my understanding; it's perfectly marackilous. Hyar now is this woman jist a-talking as if she'd known us all her life, yet this is jist the second time that she's darkened our door. Before this

past week she kept her nose so high in the sky when she went by us, that no one would think she ever seen us at all, or ever haired of sich people living any whar. What *kin* it mean?"

No time was left her at this moment to solve the problem by her own thoughts, since she had resolved, with all an aunt's vigilance, to keep Rose in her sight during the day, and to circumscribe, as well as she could, the well known privilege of the rustic sports of the season; at least, so far as Master Ned Fairleigh and Miss Rose Carter were concerned.

We have seen how little successful she has been in carrying out her resolve.

It is in our power, perhaps, to answer Aunt Betsey's question.

Mrs. Fairleigh was a widow with a handsome property, proud of her fortunes, vain of her prosperity, ostentatious in her displays, yet excessively penurious. Her object—her instincts, we may say, prompted her perpetual efforts to reconcile display with economy. To do this required some exercise of art. She had her tastes also, was fond of music, owned a piano, upon which she herself could not play, and required a musician who could play and sing as well for her own as for the amusement of her company. She was fond of novel reading, but her eyes did not permit her to indulge her desires of herself, and so she required a reader.

Now, up to this time, she had been able to command both, and much more, in the service of a Miss Hall, a damsel of uncertain age, but by no means ill-looking or unamiable.

ble, who read to her by night, and played and sang at call, for her own and the benefit of her visitors.

Miss Hall was a poor girl, of reduced family, who had received a much better education than was common among the young women of the precinct. With a natural talent for music, she had acquired some of its most important lessons from a scientific teacher during the better fortunes of her family. She read with ease, good taste and intelligence, and without affectation. She was clever in other respects, especially in "doing up" the muslins, ruffles, neckerchiefs and such other portions of the female costume as required nice and tidy handling.

Miss Hall, for five years, had been an absolute "Godsend" to Mrs. Fairleigh, and in gratitude for the "Godsend," she made the poor girl a slave; giving her small compensation and exacting all manner of service, which left her but little repose or leisure. From this bondage Miss Hall was about to escape. She was about to marry; glad to exchange her abode, with the rich widow in the grand house, for that of the son of an humble farmer, in a little cottage, some nine miles away.

Of course, Mrs. Fairleigh was indignant; pronounced Miss Hall a fool, and reproached the poor young woman with ingratitude! To all this the latter made no reply, satisfied to escape, and, perhaps, quite as well satisfied, in her own conscience, of the propriety of her course, and within a few days after the Chinquapin hunt, the girl had packed her trunks and taken her departure, going forth in a little wagon sent for her by farmer Childs;

the stately lady being quite indignant at her ingratitude to place any vehicle of hers at her disposal. When modestly asked to be sent, her reply was a brutal denial.

"You may go as you came, young woman! Your conduct, in regard to me, has been such as to deprive you of all claim upon my courtesy and consideration. You will also please to remember that you have no claim upon my recognition, and you will beware of all efforts to approach me, in any way, or any of my family!"

And so ended a long history of servitude on one hand, and tyranny on the other. Miss Hall was too well satisfied with the prospect of escape and change to feel very keenly the severity of this rebuke, and the Coventry to which she was so insolently and pitilessly consigned.

But how to replace Miss Hall? That was the question; and that question solves for us the difficulty which troubled good Aunt Betsey in her endeavors to account for the sudden and excruciating attention of the stately widow Fairleigh to the humble family at Rose Cottage.

Mrs. Fairleigh had heard of the charming beauty of Rose Carter, her grace and elegance, for a long season; but recently, from her son and young Bulkley, she had heard of her accomplishments also. In the week which Rose had spent at Squire Blanton's, after the marriage of his daughter, the two young men had been frequent visitors. They had heard Rose read from the Poets, one or two worn copies of whose writings were to be found in the house; they had heard her play on the antique little piano, which was

a conspicuous and much cherished piece of furniture in Blanton's parlor; and they were both struck gratefully with her singing. This led to inquiries touching her education, and it was discovered that Mrs. Carter, ambitious of her daughter, resolved on making her a fine lady, had drawn to the utmost extent upon her resources, in better days, in sending her, first, to one of the best female schools in the country, and subsequently to a female college, where she had graduated with all the honors.

These facts, once fully ascertained, young Fairleigh prompted his college friend, Bulkley, and when the latter heard the tribulation expressed by Mrs. Fairleigh, at the loss of Miss Hall, and the difficulty of finding a proper substitute, he, at once, indicated Rose Carter as likely to fulfill all the required conditions. A significant look from young Fairleigh led him to exaggerate somewhat the merits of Rose, both as a reader and a musician, and a remark, carelessly made, by Fairleigh, who knew his mother well, at once determined the usurious lady.

"I suppose the young woman could be had cheaply? They are poor, are they not, these people?"

"Quite so! They live very humbly, from what I hear."

Not a syllable was said of the wedding party, its incidents, or of their own participation in the scene. Enough, however, was said to determine Mrs. Fairleigh that Miss Carter should, if possible, be persuaded to take the place of Miss Hall. When Mrs. Fairleigh expressed herself to this effect, Mr.

Bulkley put in a few words of *caveat*:

"You will have need to be very cautious, Mrs. Fairleigh, as the mother is said to have an enormous conceit of herself and daughter. She is described as a vain, pompous sort of a woman, fond of ambitious words, and especially desirous of seeing her daughter a fine lady; she, herself, affects high blood and superior social claims. I think the less said about money and service the better. You need a companion rather than a servant or a governess. You take, ma'am?"

"I understand you, Mr. Bulkley, and thank you for the hint. I fully understand, from what you have said, the sort of woman with whom I have to deal."

And so we find Mrs. Fairleigh breaking ground before the fortress of Rose Dale. So we find her making her first visit, and taking her out for a drive; taking her to Fairleigh Lodge, and taking note of all her qualifications.

There she had a grand piano, and she tried Rose at the instrument. She was satisfied.

She tried her then at various readings, in prose and verse.

Being angry with Miss Hall, she was pleased to believe, or to say rather, that Miss Carter was by far the best reader and player of the two.

She soon discovered that Rose was vain in greater degree than is common with young people, and she stinted none of her praises. She openly declared her admiration of her music and reading, and hinted more delicately at her graces and her beauty.

She treated her with equal hospitality and deference. She had cakes and viands, and wines at lunch ; took the girl over her house, showed her all the fine chambers ; that snug and handsomely furnished one, in particular, which Miss Hall still occupied ; whispered her complaints of that ungrateful young lady ; indicated her desire to find some one properly fitted to take her place, as a companion for herself, at home and in all her summer travels ; described these travels as carrying her regularly every season to Saratoga and Lebanon, and Newport, extending sometimes to Quebec and Montreal, and dwelt upon the delights of all these places, and the pleasures that were to be had among the grand people whom she met.

Then she bestowed upon Rose, in the most graceful manner, a set of topas ornaments, including ring and brooch, bracelet and necklace. In brief, she fooled the poor girl to "the top of her bent," making, as Aunt Betsey subsequently expressed it to Mattie Fuller, "making the very feathers dance 'pon top of her head."

Thus she prepared the way for the conquest of the daughter. The mother was the next person to manage, and taking Rose home on the morning appointed for the Chinquapin hunt—young Fairleigh and Bulkley meeting them there, from the dwelling of the latter—we find all the young people gone upon their rambles, and the two stately dames confronting each other, bowing their lofty brows in affected humility, and delivering themselves in that highflown language which is supposed to become all very distinguished people!

CHAPTER II.

ELYSIAN PROSPECTS.

We will suppose the usual preliminaries of courtesy to be fairly over. Mrs. Carter has received her daughter's kiss and embrace ; the good lady has arisen, with something more of eagerness than dignity, to give her hand in greeting to the Lady of Fairleigh Lodge ; Aunt Betsey has shaken hands also, growling out some sulky civility as she does so ; and soon after disappearing with Rose, to join the Chinquapin party, which is already at work, or play, not waiting for the cottage beauty ; and the two widowed dames, both of whom have tender memories of the dear departed, are seated, each in a rocker, and facing each other, with complaisant aspect. Mrs. Carter has welcomed Mrs. Fairleigh in stately phrase, and now waits for the utterances of the latter, who is by no means slow to begin, expert as she is in all the arts of insinuation, as well as in those of pride and condescension.

"Really, my dear Mrs. Carter," said she, "I confess to an extraordinary degree of surprise, at the sudden and most grateful discovery which I have made, in the charms and graces of your daughter. That one so beautiful and so accomplished, so very highly gifted in music, who sings so exquisitely, and reads with so much effect, should have been born and reared in the immediate neighborhood of Fairleigh Lodge, and I, its owner, should have remained so long in such profound ignorance of the wealth and attractions of this modest cottage, is to me very astonishing. How, my dear madam, have you contrived to keep

her charms so long in concealment? How have you foreborne to make known to the world the wealth and beauty of your possessions? Really, it must be considered your reproach rather than mine, that we have been kept in ignorance of the accomplishments and attractions of your daughter. Why have you immured such treasure so long from the knowledge of that class in life for association with which she is so eminently fitted; and where, in what academy or college, have you found teachers to bring her natural talents to such wonderful perfection? I confess, my dear Mrs. Carter, that I have never been more astonished in my life. I confess it—I who ought to be astonished at nothing—yet, I confess, I am astonished. I have tried to test your daughter in almost everything; but the dear child has met my expectations—has surpassed them in every department. She sings like a nightingale—plays for all the world, like a professional musician of the highest order, and reads most beautifully. How have you contrived to accomplish her in all these things, and the world about you—the right world of society I mean—to know nothing of the treasure which you possessed. Will you explain the mystery?”

This long speech was meant to be quite overwhelming. It proposed to take the Widow Carter by storm. But the good lady, though highly flattered by the sweet things of the speech, found it rather tedious. She was impatient herself to speak. She replied :

“Really, my dear Mrs. Fairleigh, there is nothing mysterious about it. My daughter, as you justly remark, is a young lady of most won-

derful talents. She hardly needed the aid of the schools and colleges to which she was sent. But, her ever dear father, my late lamented husband, Andrew Carter, Esq., who was sometimes Commissioner of the Peace for this county, for a long time Colonel of Militia, and more than once called upon by the people to be their representative in Congress, he soon discovered the wonderful gifts of our daughter. He was a man of great learning. He had many books, and read in Plutarch's Lives, the History of Robinson Crusoe, the Lives of the Saints, Baxter's Saint's Rest, the Arabian Nights, Tristram Shandy, Tom Jones, Whelpley's Compend, and a hundred books besides, of Geography and History, that I cannot now call to mind. He was a wonderful man in Astronomy, and gave names to all the stars; besides being given to studies in Philosophy, Geology, Genesis, the Revelations, and even Chronology. Well, he soon discovered that Rose was a genius, and he read to her from all these learned histories, and he made her read them all, and many more. Well, I often said to him, ‘Colonel Carter,’ said I, ‘you’ll fill the child’s head with so much learning and philosophy, to say nothing of Genesis and geology, that she’ll have no room for anything else.’ ‘But,’ he would say, in his quiet way, and shaking his head knowingly, ‘Mrs. Carter, I know what I’m about; Rose shall have an education.’ Then he would stop short for awhile, and look at me, and say, ‘Mrs. Carter, do you know what genius means?’ You see, my dear Mrs. Fairleigh, it was the one only defect in the judgment of Colonel Carter that he did not

give to our sex full credit for science and wisdom. I would then answer him with proper spirit, madam: 'Colonel Carter,' I would say, 'please to spare me your definitions and etymologies,' and this, madam, for the honor of our sex. 'Well,' he would say, 'Rose Carter is one of that class whom God has endowed with genius, and it is our duty, madam, to co-operate with God, and give her an education which shall correspond with His gifts;' and though I would dispute the point with him, simply for the sake of domestic argument, I yet fully agreed with him upon the wonderful gifts of our daughter, and upon our sacred, solemn, Christian duty, to afford her an education worthy of her gifts from God. And we did, Mrs. Fairleigh. We sent her to the best schools in all North Carolina. She went for eighteen months to Isaac Parsons, of Massachusetts, and to Lemuel Waters, of Rhode Island; and to Miss Beecher, of Connecticut, and several more, all from the North, or Europe, and she finished off at Salem College, where she took the first honors, and the President, madam, when she graduated, complimented her in a first-rate speech; called her a prodigy of learning, and a genius for anything in all the departments, and finished by presenting her—her only, madam, of all the college—with a most beautiful copy of the Holy Scriptures, bound in red morocco, with a gold rim all around the edges—you can see it now; there it lies upon that table—and a large quart cut-glass bottle of cologne water, with a cut-glass stopper. Rose has kept that bottle, madam, and I that Bible, to this very hour."

Mrs. Fairleigh was fairly overcome, overwhelmed! Mrs. Carter had beaten her at her own weapons. Mrs. Fairleigh gasped for breath. But Mrs. Carter, even at the close of her speech, betrayed no symptoms of exhaustion.

She resumed—she continued—she had a sort of slow, dogged, purring way of speech, never once raising her voice, no matter what the idea or motion expressed; but never relaxing; observing all proper stops and pauses, yet never pausing long enough to encourage the opposite party with a hope that she, too, would now be permitted a chance to speak. The moment she discovered any seeming disposition on the part of Mrs. Fairleigh to reply, her tones would become more emphatic, her utterance a shade more rapid, and her manner, not affecting her uniform languor, would grow more earnest and exacting.

Mrs. Fairleigh succumbed, for a goodly space of time. Mrs. Carter had entire possession of the floor. In this time she availed herself of every opportunity to insist upon her own, her late lamented husband's, and Rose's perfect claims to rank with those who are born in the purple, and who move "*in society*."

"What a sickening creature!" thought Mrs. Fairleigh. "What vulgar presumption! How impudent! What monstrous vanity and conceit!" But the stately lady suppressed her real sentiments, simpered and replied vaguely:

"Of course, Mrs. Carter; and why not?"

"Why not, indeed, my dear Mrs. Fairleigh? It is true, that we have not wealth; but we have abundance; and we ask no favors. My daugh-

ter, as accomplished as she is, was not to be *thrust* upon society. She was not an heiress, madam, but she was worthy to be an heiress. And, you know, that the patient waiting upon Providence is the Christian necessity. The reward will come in due season, madam, and to bear the cross with humility is to wear the crown in state. It is the sweet consolations of our religion, Mrs. Fairleigh, that reconciles us to the denials of fortune; as it is the succor we receive from our possessions of genius, and literature, and music, that console us in our solitude for the want of society. If society remains ignorant of the gifts of my child, Mrs. Fairleigh, then is society the loser, madam. Our most precious resources of pride, pleasure and comfort, lie in ourselves."

Here the lady heaved a gentle sigh, which did not fatigue her; folded her hands in her lap, and looked upwards with a mild, half-shut eye, as if in prayer; while the stately dame of Fairleigh Lodge gazed on her with a stare of wonder, which was not without its leaven of contempt.

Nay, she was indignant. By what right did this remorseless woman presume to talk at all, in her presence—and to talk with such airs of consequence, was absolutely an insult. Mr. Bulkley's warning of what she had to expect proved quite inadequate to convey any idea of what she had found.

But she subdued her ruffled spirit, remembering the policy which she had in view; and Mrs. Carter, still observing silence, the grand lady prepared to reply; but scarcely had she begun with a sweet smile, and a conciliatory opening, with,

"Very true, my dear Mrs. Carter, you have said it well. Good society, madam, which"—when the other echoed her—

"Good society, Mrs. Fairleigh, is the really desirable thing of all, better than fortune, madame; but, my dear madam, this by no means signifies the necessity for any large circle. A few friends, madam, gifted, refined, well educated, capable of elegant conversation, of polished manners, graceful, and with that tone which shows a thorough familiarity with all the essentials of high breeding, will be quite sufficient, and it has been my good fortune through life to have always enjoyed such a circle; select, though small; polished, though poor, capable of the highest, yet not repining when denied; being all sufficient in itself. With my precious books, madam, my daughter's music, and other accomplishments, we never suffer any lack. Our conversation never becomes vulgar or tedious. In brief, madam, we are never, at any time, so weary of our own companionship as to feel the want of any other."

And so forth, for a goodly ten minutes, to the confusion of the great lady.

"Heavens!" she thought to herself, "the woman declaims like a member of Congress. She has caught it from her husband, the Colonel, and Justice of the Peace."

Having given a sufficient sample of the eloquence of these two old fools, we shall take leave to abridge their speeches hereafter, the reader supplying, for himself, those characteristics of dilation in which they severally excel. We shall endeavor to do what the stately Lady Fair-

leigh for a long time failed to do—proceed to business.

The lady of Rosedale had *her role*, as well as her style; while her visitor contemplated the acquisition of a *servant*, under the pleasant name of companion and associate, Mrs. Carter thought only of a *husband* for her daughter. It was not enough that Mrs. Fairleigh praised her daughter's attractions and accomplishments, she felt it her duty to *insist* upon them, and to show her perfect fitness to enter any circle of fine society. In doing this, she wearied and vexed her guest; but the latter persevered, and, by easy stages and natural degrees, she at length succeeded in bringing about the subject upon which her heart was set. It was, however, with some abruptness that the topic was finally broached, and Mrs. Fairleigh succeeded only by a desperate eagerness, and an unusual elevation of voice.

"But, my dear Mrs. Carter, I have not spoken of your daughter's charms, attractions and gifts, without an object. She has literally won my heart, and I have come, if possible, to rob you of her—to deprive you for a season of this treasure."

The ears of Mrs. Carter lifted instantly. Her eagerness to hear, overcame her habitual eagerness to speak. What would come next? Heavens! could it be that Rose had been so successful already as to captivate the young collegiate and heir? And was his mother deputed to ask her hand in marriage?

Such was the pleasant anticipation of Mrs. Carter, from the opening of Mrs. Fairleigh. She waited impatiently for the rest, murmuring, as the other paused—

"What *can* you mean, Mrs. Fairleigh?"

"I mean this, that I must have your daughter Rose as a companion for some time this winter. I would keep her as long as I can; not merely all the winter, but all the summer; and in fact all the year. She has won my heart, as I have said, and I must have her with me as friend, companion, and associate, for as long a season as possible. You must be aware, my dear Mrs. Carter, that I am in the habit, every summer, of visiting the most famous of the northern watering places. I spend so many weeks on the North River; I visit West Point usually for a week or ten days; then proceed to Saratoga; visit Lebanon and the Shaker settlements; proceed to Quebec and Montreal possibly, and wind up the season at Newport. I wish Rose for my companion in these summer excursions. I suppose I need not assure you that in all these places I only move in the best society; not only among the fashionables, but among the old aristocracy of the North. My *friends* are all of ancient family. There are the Van Ransselaers, the Van Sittarts, the Van Couvers, the Van Burens, the Van Duyckes, in fact all the Vans of any note; but there are the Schuylers also, the Pauldings, the Irvings, the Hammonds, the Winthropes, the Boylestons; in brief, all the old families of New York and New England. I need not say to you that, with the quick wits, the intelligence, the gifts of your daughter, she will absorb from this world of elegance and literature, and fashion, a thousand lessons which will ripen to perfection all her natural endowments," &c., &c.

Mrs. Carter, somewhat disappointed at the beginning of Mrs. Fairleigh's speech, warmed as it proceeded, and grew almost aghast with delight at the grand world-prospect which it opened to her vision of the Elysian which it promised to her daughter. She had long been impressed with the idea that nothing was essential to the triumph of Rose but foreign travel, and the intercourse with fine people, and the picture presented to her by her eloquent guest, so completely possessed and influenced her imagination that words failed her. It was her turn to succumb to her companion; to yield herself in her chair; fall back, clasp her hands together, close her eyes, and leave her ears, the sole of all her senses, to maintain the *qui vivi*. She now, however, hardly heard what the tongue of the Lady Fairleigh was giving forth. Her fancies had rambled off to all the fashionable watering places at the North. She saw her beautiful Rose "the observed of all observers," the "glass of fashion and the mould of form;" followed by all the distingués of society; whirled in all the mazes of the waltz by millionaires, and men high in station. What was Elward Fairleigh to the thousand chances which such associations would afford to her? and when she thought how the papers, the *Heralds* and the *Mercuries* of New York would report daily and weekly the superior charms and attractions of the superb Rose C——, the mountain belle of North Carolina, she was seized with a sudden fit, very like a physical collapse, which alarmed the great lady, her companion. Her head fell on one side, she gasped painfully, and Mrs. Fair-

leigh sprung to her assistance. She faintly waived her hands, and motioned to a bottle which stood upon the toilet, murmuring as she did so:

"My drops!"

Mrs. Fairleigh hastened to relieve her, read the directions on the bottle, gave her so many drops in a cup of water, and stood by, fanning her. In a few moments she recovered sufficiently to speak.

"I am so troubled with these fainting turns," she said—"it's the heart, ma'am—the heart, the doctor says. It is the vampire, Mrs. Fairleigh, the terrible vampire which sits heavy on my heart."

"The vampire!" said Mrs. Fairleigh, "what disease is that? I never heard of it before."

Mrs. Carter, only half recovered from her exhaustion, exclaimed, opening her eyes to their widest:

"Never heard of the vampire, madam?—that fabulous bird of the Orient, the gigantic bat, that flaps his wings over the sleeper, and sucks all the life-blood from his heart. It is a figure, madam, in my case. Mine is the vampire of sorrow, of grief, care, affliction, that preys upon my heart, and ever and anon plunges its harpy teeth and talons into that vital and susceptible region. I feel it there, madam, feel that one day it will close upon its prey, and stifle all its pulsations forever."

"God forbid!" was the responsive ejaculation.

It somewhat lessened the great lady in the esteem of the poor one, that she knew nothing about the vampire. She, evidently, had read but little of the poets.

But the poor invalid, full of her fancies, and eager for more exercise in that sybian dream which had pos-

session of her, recovered amazingly soon ; as quickly almost as her momentary collapse had been. She remembered her pride and dignity at the same time. It was essential that she should assert them both ; and, with solemn manner and lugubrious emphasis, to the great surprise of Mrs. Fairleigh, she began thus :

" Mrs. Fairleigh, madam, as a Christian, I am the humblest of all God's creatures. God forbid that I should forget my weakness in His presence. I feel that I am but as dust beneath His feet. And, at my demise, all that I would entreat of my friends and kindred, would be to have me buried at the very entrance, the porch of the temple ; a plain, flat stone laid over me, with an inscription containing simply my name, family, the name of my husband, who has gone before me, with a proper enumeration of the offices which he held, and an entreaty that no Christian should hesitate to tread upon that stone, and the poor remains beneath it. The period of birth might be omitted—age and date—but not *that* inscription. I would have the future generations to know how humble was that poor Christian upon whose ashes they tread. But, Mrs. Fairleigh, while thus humble as a *Christian*, as a *woman*, I am as proud as any in the land."

Mrs. Fairleigh wondered, as well she might, what all this was coming to. She had yet to know that the proud humility of the Christian woman had yet something more to say ; and that the irrelevancy of her speech was about to be justified in the very next moment, when she continued :

" Now, my dear Mrs. Fairleigh, my pride as a woman will not suffer my daughter to incur any obligations. You propose to her travel and excursions, and life at fashionable watering places. Now, my dear madam, while we are adequate and able to live comfortably at Rosedale, we have no such resources as would enable my daughter to seek, winter or summer, these watering places of the North"—

Here Mrs. Fairleigh put in—

" Mrs. Carter, my dear Mrs. Carter, could you suppose it possible that I, Flora Fairleigh, of Fairleigh Lodge, widow of the late Brigadier-General Fairleigh, and in my own right possessed of twenty thousand acres of the best lands in North Carolina, two hundred slaves, seven hundred head of cattle, and all things of the plantation in proportion, to say nothing of my silver plate ; I say, my dear Mrs. Carter, is it possible, think you, that I would seek your daughter as a friend, associate, and traveling companion, yet suffer her to incur one dollar of expense ! No, my dear madam, not only would I expect to pay all expenses of Rose as well as my own, but there should be a liberal allowance—a salary"—

" Don't speak of it, I pray you ! salary—no ! Rose Carter can take no salary, Mrs. Fairleigh—only another name for wages ! She is no hireling, no servant, no housekeeper, no governess, Mrs. Fairleigh. As *your* companion, now"—

" Do not misunderstand me, my dear Mrs. Carter. The word used was a mere inadvertence. It is simply as a companion, associate, and *friend*, that I would have your daugh-

ter an inmate of Fairleigh Lodge, and to accompany me on my usual summer travels."

The preliminary difficulty was thus adjusted. Mrs. Carter was not only willing enough, but soon began to show herself eager. We need not pursue the details which occupied the two ladies till near sunset, when it became necessary for Mrs. Fairleigh to take her departure. It was agreed that she was to come for Rose on the ensuing Monday—that being the very day arranged for the departure of Miss Hall. The stately lady at Fairleigh Lodge was eager that Rose should realize, as soon as possible, the delights of that Elysian from which Miss Hall was so eager to escape.

CHAPTER III.

AUNT BETSEY'S DORIC.

ROSE was overjoyed. The mother reposed, in a state of the most placid and exquisite self-complacency, satisfied that she had conducted with wonderful skill, and a political sagacity worthy of her dear departed husband, a most difficult negotiation, realizing in the end a perfect triumph of diplomacy.

But not so with Aunt Betsey. She was terribly outraged. When first she heard of the arrangement, which was that very night, but not till after the departure of all the visitors, she was completely overcome. "One stupid moment, motionless she stood!" Then burst the torrent, in a strain more powerful, perhaps, than the good old aunt had ever indulged in before.

"The Lord deliver us! I do think, Jane Carter, that you air

about the biggest ninny of a woman I ever did see or hear in all my born-days! You're a raal Jackass-woman, with no more sense in your head than a raccoon carries in his tail! You're a raal *nateral*, ef ever there was one! Lawd! Lawd! that a woman's conceit should make her a *nateral* idiot! And you to think of sich a fool action as to git Rose married to this old woman's gentleman son, as ef she dreams of sich a thing! as ef he dreams of it, and yet that's the game you're a'ter, with your highly-tighty-flighty fool idees! Lawd! Lawd! hev marcy upon us, and the poor woman, and I may say the poor child too! Oh! Rose, my child, I hed my misgivings a'out you when I seed you bring home them presents. It misl'ked me mightily to see 'em, and I said to myself, 'now,' says I, 'I hed rether a thousand times she hed boxed the child's ears than put them topazy bobs in 'em, and I hed rether she'd a tried to choke her with her claws, than to put that shiny topazy nickalace about her neck; and I'd rether them topazy brasseylits hed been made of iron than of gold and shiny stones!' Yes, I said it then, and I say it now, for, somehow, I thinks them things air jist so m ny chains to faisten you up first, and then strip you clean of everything in the eend! Oh! Lawd! hev' marcy upon the child! and, O! Lawd! while your haind's in, hev' marcy upon the poor, ridickelous fool-woman, her mother! Jane Carter, you mark my words, you'll come to cuss the day when you let your child go to the house of that high-necked old woman! You'll cuss it, I tell you, and it'll break your heart-

strings! and you'll cuss it, too, Rose, you will! you'll see! and ef ever you put any belief in your poor old aunty, you'll jist now listen to what she's a saying, and stop short in the road you're a traveling. It's a bad road, Rose Carter, and mischief and misfortune's guine to come of it! I've been jubous about you for a long time! I've been a seeing how parverse you was a growing, wuss and wuss every day! and I tried to warn you and keep you straight in the right track, but you wouldn't hear; and I don't blame you so much, poor child, for with sich a fool-mother, it was nateral enough that you should turn fool too. You've driv' off that good fellow, Mike Baynam, that would hev' made you the very best and properest husband of all the county, and all for what? For your fine society, and to toss a high head, and make pretend to wha you aint born to, and kin never be. Lawd! Lawd! hev' marcy on the pair of fools, and put in and save them if you kin; for they haint, neither on 'em, got the right sense to save themselves! Unless you helps, Lawd o' marcy! salt kain't save 'em!"

We have put together the substance of much that was spoken at intervals, interrupted by occasional sentences from Rose, and the preparations for the supper-table, upon which Aunt Betsey was engaged all the while. She did not actually harangue, with unabated breath, but returned repeatedly to the attack; impatiently listening to the expostulations and explanations of Rose, who, in the disdainful silence of her mother, undertook the task of defending her policy against the rude assaults of her aunt. She dwelt

upon the advantages of travel and society, in such phrases as Mrs. Carter might have used. The latter was quite too well satisfied with the triumph of her diplomacy, as she herself called it, to suffer her complacency to be disturbed by any thing that Aunt Betsey could say. When, indeed, she undertook to reply, it was in a singularly characteristic manner.

"It is really distressing," she at length permitted herself to say, "really most distressing, after long communion with a kindred spirit; after enjoying, for a whole day, the grateful conversation of a real lady, polished, refined, courteous, and one so thoroughly accustomed to all the refinements of society, to be compelled to listen to the rude, coarse and violent language of an ignorant, uneducated creature, who has enjoyed no intercourse with the world, has read no books, acquired no tastes, and in all respects essentially vulgar!"

"You mean all that for me, Jane Carter! Well now, let me tell you, ef I'm so coarse and so vulgar, and it's so distressing for you to hear me, I kin mighty soon find a cure for your ailment. I'll quit you, Jane Carter! I'll hev' done with you forever and a day a'ter! I've staid with you, and stood all your fool-talk long enough, and now that Rose is to be carried off, I'll quit too. I only staid hyar and stood all your nonsense so long, on her account, and bekaise, though you wasn't too sick for your conceit, you was always too sick for work, when work was to be done! I give you warnin' now, Jane Carter, I'll quit you, and you'll see before two days is over your head, where I kin g

and airn my bread among people that won't put on sich airs as you do, and be always sticking it in my lugs how smart and fine *you* air, and how coarse and vulgar I am! Mind you, I give you fair warning! Ef Rose Carter quits you for that stiff-necked old hag on the hill, I'll cl'ar out the very same time! and I beg you won't feel any ways oneasy for me. Ef I kain't git a kiver over my head in the dry, among you mighty fine society people, I reckon I kin get a place among them that suits me better, being coarse and vulgar as I em! That in your teeth, Jane Carter!"

Aunt Betsey had shot her last bolt. The effect was considerable. Rose expostulated:

"Surely, Aunt Betsey, you wouldn't desert Mamma, and she such an invalid—such a desolate sufferer."

"Well, why kain't she keep a decent tongue in her head, and hev' sense enough to know when she's well off? What's hyar, I wants to know, to make me kear to stay? I'm a doing all the work from sun up to sun down; I puts the house to rights every day; sees to the garden; I milks the keows; scours the floor hafe the time; washes up the plates and dishes, and cups and sassers; makes the coffee; makes the beds; and when any comp'ny comes, who cooks the dinner ef 'taint me? and thar *she* sets, doing nothing but jist faultfinding all the time, and making b'lieve she's sick, and faint, and suffering; and drinking her draps! And what's them draps? I'll tell you! Thar nothing better than strong liquor. It's jist so much whiskey, I tell you, call it by what name you will—Bateman's

draps, and Stoughton's bitters, and Lee's 'lixir, and a dozen more—I knows 'em all; and thar jist nothing better than strong liquor, and you'll only hev' to drink enough of 'em to make the drunk come!"

"Heavens!" now gasped the stately invalid—"she'll proceed finally to describe me as a drunkard!"

"Well, jedging from your fool-talk, hafe the time, thar's good reason to think that the liquor's got to your head!"

"Oh! monstrous slanderer!"

"Oh! git out with your big words, Jane Carter; I've got enough of you, and, I now tell you, jist so soon as Rose Carter goes off to that fine fashionable old hag of the hill, I'll quit you! I'll be cussed to pieces ef I don't!"

"Quit *me*! Quit your own sister, Betsey Moore, and in my disconsolate condition; helpless, half the time unable to turn in my chair or rise from it! You quit *me*—abandon *me*, wretched and lonely as I am, to my fate—to desolation and despair! Oh! Oh! Oh!"

The speech was ended in a fit of hysterics, whether real or seeming only, it is not within our province to decide; but, from our small experience in medicine, we should be inclined to think that Aunt Betsey had some ground for the suspicion that the *drops* which the good lady was in the habit of taking so freely, were possessed much more of spiritual than medicinal virtues.

The fit was something like that which had alarmed the Lady Fairleigh.

Aunt Betsey seemed to understand it all; and very coolly proceeded to the bottle on the stand,

poured out a goodly spoonful of the liquor, saying in under tones—"The hair of the dog's good for the bite!"—a vulgar proverb which justifies the "*phlegm-cut'er*" in the morning, to him who has drank too deeply the night before. She administered the "drops" carelessly enough. Frequent experience of the same sort of thing had somewhat blunted the old maid's sensibilities.

When Mrs. Carter had somewhat recovered, she moaned out querulously:

"And you would abandon your wretched sister to her fate, Betsey Moore. Your only surviving sister, both children of the same mother! but how wondrously unlike!—abandon one so feeble as I am—a confirmed invalid!"

"Oh! shet up, and no more of your stuff and nonsense! Keep a decent tongue in your head! Ef your lonesomeness is so hard to bear, what makes you send off your own da'ter to sarve in the house of the stranger? Ef she's to be comp'y for *her*, why kain't she be comp'y

for you, I wants to know? Tell me that!"

"Rose *must* go!" was the s'ernly expressed resolution, "though Betsey Moore abandons her own and only sister to death and desolation!"

And go she did.

But Aunt Betsey remained. Her threat was simply *brutum fulmen*, intended to have its effect—to scare the mother out of her purpose; but that was impossible. The poor woman was too deeply ingrained with the passion for high life and fine society for her daughter, to yield to any opposing influence. And poor Aunt Betsey had no real intention of leaving her. Mrs. Carter probably calculated on her sister's adhesiveness. At all events, Rose went at the appointed time, with Mrs. Fairleigh, and Aunt Betsey remained, but glowering all the while, at Rose Dale Cottage and speaking her mind just as freely as ever, without paying much heed to the grammar or the polish of her speech.

AN APPROPRIATE VERSE FROM BYRON.

I know not who may conquer. If I could
Have such a prescience, it should be no bar
To this my plain, sworn, downright detestation
Of every despotism, in every nation.

THE ALBATROSS.

A YACHTING CHRONICLE

BY GODOLPHIN.

CHAPTER VIII.

TREASURE TROVE.

EVEN as Mrs. Aylmer's expression of pleasure was passing her lips, the boat shot alongside, and two gentlemen sprang on deck. One was Sir Arthur Caryl, the other, to the lady's great astonishment, proved to be her brother-in-law, Mr. Egerton, whom, although she knew to be sojourning on the Continent, she had imagined no nearer than Vienna. Salutations, inquiries, and congratulations, were in full tide of exchange, when Lord Dacre, who from hearing a boat rub against the side of the vessel, and the tramping of feet overhead, surmised an arrival, came up to satisfy his curiosity concerning it. Renewed greetings then took place, and as soon as their first effusion was over, the party repaired to the cabin. There, while Sir Arthur was inquiring about Lady Dacre and Miss Deverell, and being "much grieved" to receive the intelligence that neither were well enough to receive him that morning, Mr. Egerton was answering Mrs. Aylmer's questions concerning her sister, and delivering a message from the latter to the effect that although

circumstances prevented her going off to the Albatross, nothing must prevent Mrs. Aylmer from coming at once to Naples; and this the lady had every inclination to do, for she felt as if a special *Te Deum* was due Heaven for an interposition which rescued her from what might have proved even to her resources of maneuvering, an awkward position. Therefore, leaving Sir Arthur to entertain the gentlemen with his "regular adventures, by Jove," since they had parted, she passed into the ladies' cabin to see Lady Dacre, and organize preparations for departure. She had overheard the young baronet's "You know you belong to the Naiad now, my dear boy," addressed to Tressillian, and his ready assent. She had also heard Lord Dacre's expressed resolution to leave Naples the next day, and await for a longer tarrying until their return. So it was with a devout sense of the general wisdom manifested by Providence in all its arrangements, that summoning her maid, she gave the necessary orders for packing, and then took her way to Lady Dacre.

As both her ladyship and Miss Deverell had suffered not a little from impatience, during the long

interval that had elapsed since Mrs. Aylmer's departure, and were anxious to learn how her embassy prospered, it was natural that the restlessly eager glances questioning her on her entrance, even before the lips spoke, were strikingly in contrast to her self-possessed calm. Her first act was to bend over Miss Deverell, and kissing her, murmur softly, "With my best congratulations."

A very bright flush was Geraldine's only reply; but Lady Dacre spoke eagerly:

"You have brought matters to a satisfactory conclusion, then, my dear Mrs. Aylmer; how can we thank you enough?"

"Pray don't thank me at all—for indeed I have done nothing worth mentioning," was the reply; which, if its literal truth could have been appreciated by her auditors, would at least have startled them. "With every disposition to do something, I only acted as bearer of that which was the real instrument of effect."

"Don't say that," answered Geraldine, "for you know we were dependent upon your kindness; and but for it, would have fared badly indeed. I shall always remember you as—"

"But the answer? You have an answer, of course," interrupted Lady Dacre, too feverishly impatient for her anticipated triumph to brook this interchange of compliments.

"The answer," said Mrs. Aylmer, with a light laugh. "Ah, poor fellow, it was really very amusing, but—"

"Why, have you none?" exclaimed her ladyship.

"I was just going to tell you about it, my dear," replied Mrs. Aylmer, with great suavity. "Captain Tres-

sillian had just heard, to his great chagrin, that he could not be gratified by an immediate interview with Miss Deverell, and was beginning to pour forth a message expressive of—well, of all you know he may be supposed to feel—when a boat darted up to the vessel, as if we were about to be boarded by pirates, or something of the sort, and who should make their appearance on deck but Sir Arthur Caryl, and my brother-in-law, Mr. Egerton."

"But I thought," interposed Miss Deverell, "that Mr. Egerton—"

"Was in Vienna. Well, so did I; but it seems we were wrong, for he and Lucy are both in Naples. And that brings me to the point of my visit—of course I mean after your affair, dear Geraldine—which is, to bid you both good-bye for a little while."

"Mrs. Egerton has of course the first claim to you," said Lady Dacre, "but it must only be good-bye for a very little while. We cannot let you go on any other conditions."

"We cannot indeed," echoed Geraldine.

"You are both too good," responded she, "but you need not fear; the Albatross is far too attractive for me to dream of a desertion. You shall take me up on your return; and then, *ma belle*, the reconciliation will be a ratified league."

Lady Dacre felt that to this plan she could offer no reasonable objection; and so, with many expressions of regret on both sides, very sincerely made on one at least, the adieux were finally exchanged, and Mrs. Aylmer took her departure. Her last act, as her first, being to print a perfumery caress on Miss Deverell's lips, and whisper, "I heard

Tressillian forced to promise accompanying Sir Arthur on board the Naiad, but it will be only for a brief *sejour*, you may be confident. When shall we see you on shore?"

"As soon as Geraldine is well enough," replied Lady Dacre, who knew nothing of her husband's resolution. "Remember us to Mrs. Egerton, if you please, and say that we hope to see her soon."

A few moments later, two boats left the side of the Albatross, and pulled across the shining waters of the loveliest bay in the world, toward the city. That of Sir Arthur held himself, Mildmay, and the Chevalier Tressillian; the other Mrs. Aylmer, Lord Dacre, Lord Edward, and Mr. Egerton.

The day passed rapidly amid various engagements of pleasure, and the whole party dined at the house of Mr. Egerton; so that it was considerably after midnight when the young Viscount alone, (Lord Edward and Charley Mildmay having concluded to remain in Naples for a time,) hurried down to the water's edge, and entering his boat which had long been waiting, was rowed back to where the Albatross lay at anchor in the offing, displaying a colored lantern at her peak, to mark clearly her whereabouts. He had just broken away from a convivial gathering in Sir Arthur's rooms; and the fumes of the choice wines to which he had been doing justice, were still lingering in his brain, and heating his blood with a fire that not even the sweet star-lit night had power to allay, when he found himself on the well-known deck of the yacht.

"My cloak is in the boat; don't forget it," he said to one of the sail-

ors, as he stepped out, and accordingly the cloak was rolled up and handed to his lordship's valet, who stood in waiting to receive it, and who then quickened his pace to follow his lord's impatient progress below. The cloak was carelessly thrown across the sofa, and for some time neither noticed a white object which had fluttered from its folds, and lay on the floor beside it, until the valet's eye at last chanced to be caught. He stooped and picked up a folded paper without any superscription, which, assuming that it was of no importance, he was about to slip into his own pocket for further examination, when Lord Dacre, turning quickly, saw and held out his hand for it.

"A piece of paper from the floor, my lord; that is all."

"Some memoranda, I suppose. Let me see it."

Carelessly he opened the folds; but if he had found a cobra di capella within, the effect could scarcely have been more startling. His dark complexion turned more than pale—it grew fairly livid; and for a moment he looked as if, strong man as he was, he might be about to faint. Then an angry light leaped to his eye, and as he crushed the paper in his hand, even the well-trained valet started at the tone in which he spoke.

"The boat instantly," he said, turning upon him. Have it manned at once. I am going on shore. Why the devil do you stand staring at me? Don't you hear me, sir?"

"Yes, my lord—but your lordship—"

His lordship made one step forward, with so menacing an expression, that the valet, needing no fur-

ther words, turned and vanished with the most marvellous celerity. He had hardly had time to astonish the watch with his message, however, when a violent ringing of the cabin bell summoned him tremblingly back to the presence of Lord Dacre, whom he found walking up and down the floor with an agitation apparently uncontrollable, but otherwise having regained self-composure.

"Never mind about the boat," he said; "countermand the order, if you have given it, and send Mr. Hargrove here."

"Mr. Hargrove, I expect is in bed, my lord."

"That does not matter. Let him know that I desire to see him."

The sailing master was naturally not a little surprised when this message was delivered to him; but he had been too long on the sea not to know the necessity of prompt obedience; and he rose at once to answer it.

"Mr. Hargrove," said Lord Dacre, when he entered the cabin, "I am sorry to have disturbed you; but I wish you to weigh anchor at once."

"At once, my lord?" repeated the sailing master in astonishment.

"Day break will do; but remember it must be early day break."

"Very well, my lord." But he spoke doubtfully, and looked even more doubtfully than he spoke, adding in a somewhat suspicious tone, as he was about to leave the cabin, "Your lordship will let me know if you change your mind between this and day break."

Lord Dacre did not at the moment take his obvious meaning; but when he did, he gave a laugh by

no means either easy or cheerful. "There's no danger, Hargrove," he said, "notwithstanding your suspicions to the contrary. I am sober enough to know what I am about."

"I am sure I never doubted it, my lord," said Mr. Hargrove, not quite as sincerely as he would doubtless have affirmed had he been upon oath in a court of justice, "but I suppose I am to send a boat on shore for the other gentlemen, if we are to leave so soon."

"You are to mind your own business, and do nothing of the kind," answered Lord Dacre angrily—for at the allusion to the other gentlemen his wounds opened afresh, and ignoring Lord Edward and Mildmay, he thought only of Tressillian, adding in a more temperate tone, as he recollected himself, and saw Mr. Hargrove color at his rude address, "The other gentlemen have made arrangements for remaining on shore until our return from D——, and my principal reason for wishing to weigh anchor so early is to avoid the nuisance of any more visits from the city."

"Very well, my lord. Your orders shall be obeyed."

And saluting gravely, the master left the cabin.

He certainly did not leave repose behind him. It seemed to the young nobleman, as he paced his narrow limits to and fro, like a caged wild beast, that an entire pack of passions in full cry had been set loose upon him to torment his spirit. Poor fellow! It was no light vigil that he passed, and there were tokens enough of it written on his face, when in the first glow of the purple dawn he came on deck to

cool his burning head in the pure, fresh air that greeted him like a reviving cordial.

Meanwhile, Miss Deverell, sweetly sleeping the sleep of youth and happiness, began to find mingling with more roseate-tinged dreams, the fancy that transformed into a mermaid, she was softly gliding up and down the waves, as she followed the wake of a barque upon whose deck Tressillian's form was to be descried. She raised herself from the billows—she poured forth the wild strains of the syren-song that had never yet failed to tempt men to the wild leap; but yet he stood unmoved. And then she found that Mrs. Aylmer was by his side, and that her counter-charms held him from herself. And still the barque swept on its way—and still the mermaid followed, chanting her melody in time to the dash and murmur of the waves. And gradually this last sound seemed overpowering the other, until with a start she awoke to find that portion of her dream not a dream at all, for only a few planks divided her head from the rushing water, as the Albatross, aided by a fresh breeze, drove rapidly through it. She was still intent upon wonder concerning the cause of a fact so strange, when her maid entered with a message from Lord Dacre, to the effect that he would be happy to see Miss Deverell in the cabin at her earliest convenience.

It may have been a peculiar expression on the soubrette's face, as she delivered this message, or it may have been a vague foreboding fear at her own heart, or only the curiosity of her sex, which caused Geraldine to display such alacrity in complying with the request. But

at all events her toilette was completed in half the usual time, and during its progress Cecille, whose tongue was burning to communicate all the different rumors afloat in the vessel to account for their departure, only dared to venture the information that Mrs. Aylmer and all the gentlemen beside Lord Dacre, had been left in Naples, and that they were now under weigh, by his lordship's orders, with only himself, her ladyship, and Miss Deverell on board. Her young mistress deigned no token of interest in the communication; but the quick eye of the maid was not at fault in detecting that her cheek perceptibly paled, and it would be vain to deny that it was with something more than a foreboding of trouble that she proceeded to join Lord Dacre.

It was rather an expressive scene which presented itself when she opened the cabin door—a scene which, despite her preparation, did not fail to startle her by its significance. Lady Dacre had apparently sank into a seat by the centre table, but still sat upright, with one elbow supported upon it, and one hand pushing back from her brow the folds of hair. Two round spots of vivid scarlet burned in her cheeks, and there were no signs of the usually so ready tears in her eyes, glowing instead with heat. Geraldine had never seen in them before. Her husband, meanwhile, was standing at the window, his back turned to the door, but with something in the attitude of his figure so expressive, that it scarcely needed a sight of his face to tell Miss Deverell whence the domestic storm had emanated. Never before had she seen him so pale, or so agitated, as when, with—

out giving her time to speak, he turned and advanced toward the spot where she stood, saying abruptly :

"I am glad you have come. Pardon my sending for you at such an hour, but that which I have been enduring for the past night I could not bear any longer delay. Doubt must be made, certainty—one way or another. Geraldine, did you—is this yours?"

He held out to her a piece of paper, which, with increasing wonder, she received and opened. This was what it held, in her sister's writing:

"Love has vanquished, at last, Tressillian! If, for the sake of this confession, you can pardon the great error of the past, and the strong conflict which has resisted your pleadings so long in the present—if, I say, you will be generous enough to forget all my blind folly and passion, then I am yours. G. D."

For one moment the cabin, and all things within it, seemed to grow black before her eyes; but the mist gradually cleared away, as recollection brought back to memory the note which had been entrusted to Mrs. Aylmer, and looking up, she managed to say, with tolerable composure: "I have never seen this note before, my lord; but it is possible that it was written in my name, as I yesterday requested my sister to do that for which I was unable, write one to Captain Tressillian."

"But," he said, "you surely knew what were its contents. Does that note contain the matter you dictated?"

Again she glanced over it, and again, in the face of those ambiguous expressions, her brain grew dizzy. A horrible fear clutched at

her own heart, and it was in order to gain time that she asked, without replying to the last question: "And how came this into your possession, my lord?"

"It was accidentally dropped and found in the boat which conveyed—"

He paused from an inability to utter Tressillian's name; but she understood at once what he meant, and suddenly her heart hardened within her. According to either aspect of the matter, she had been deeply wronged; she saw it clearly. If Tressillian had received the note as if from herself, he had treated it with a contempt insulting in the extreme—if, instead—but she shuddered and turned her face away from the thought that flashed upon her as if by a ray of light. She answered at length coldly:

"Will your lordship be more explicit, and let me hear how this matter concerns yourself?"

Passion is sometimes endowed with great power of perspicuity. Lord Dacre's reply was couched in few words; but a volume could not have brought before her so clearly the fancied proof which supported his suspicion, as those few words. Perhaps, as they were spoken, the seed Lady Dacre had cast to earth shot forth, and reared its upas-like branches aloft. At all events, she raised her hand by a quick gesture to her eyes, and so remained until the concluding sentences of his lordship were followed by absolute silence. Then her answer came.

"As I have said before, I yesterday asked my sister to write in my name a note to Captain Tressillian, offering a concession to which I thought he had a right. The note was written and sent; but I never

saw it. Whether this be it or not—whether these initials here represent her name or mine, my sister alone can answer.”

For the first time she turned her full glance on Lady Dacre, who met it fearlessly, and her eyes fairly burned with a steady glow, as she replied :

“One lesson should have sufficed to teach me the mockery of that feeling which arrogates to itself the title of affection, yet to which trust, which is the groundwork of affection, is so utterly unknown that the first breath of suspicion has power to shake it. But since one lesson did not suffice to prove this to me, another, it seems, is added, I disdain to answer your questions. If you, as well as he, can believe that of myself, and in my own name, I could have written that note, why you may rest in that belief—for, so help me Heaven, I refuse to reply to any charge so groundless and insulting.”

Before she finished speaking, she had risen to her feet; and now, without another glance or word, she passed by them from the cabin.

CHAPTER IX.

AGREEABLE ANTICIPATIONS.

“Upon my word this is most excessively annoying,” quoth Mr. Deverell, in a tone so profoundly indicative of the feeling expressed, and succeeded by so deep a sigh, that it was impossible to avoid yielding belief, and even a small amount of sympathy, to a frame of mind so manifestly beset by annoyance in the highest degree. An open letter occupied one of his hands, a handkerchief the other,

and as he glanced up from the former, with a sort of helpless appeal to vacancy, he drew the latter across his forehead from a feeling that drops of perspiration ought to stand there if they did not.

It was evidently no slight disturbing cause which had ruffled the usually placid waves of the worthy consul's equanimity. His quiet life and well-ordered establishment were alike threatened with an irruption of petticoats not less unexpected than undesired. Poor man! He certainly was not to blame that his sole idea of womankind was that of being managed, governed, and, to sum up all in one expressive word, hen-pecked by them. It could scarcely, either, be considered the fault of these representatives of the feminine sex, with whom he had come in contact—for men of the unfortunate class to which Mr. Deverell belonged, are so stamped by nature as the subalterns of the world, that even the most unaggressive of people feel an irresistible inclination to take their mild helplessness under control, and lead them into the way they should go. They submit with the most passive endurance, and are never known to revolt, men like these; but perhaps, all the more for this, they too know how to appreciate freedom when it is by some rare chance bestowed upon them. It was long before Mr. Deverell tested this by actual experience. His mother's rule but gave place to his wife's, and it was only when death at last broke his chain, that he realised the liberty, of which he may have dreamed, but certainly which he never knew before. There is little doubt but that he enjoyed it; and fraught with the associations

that all womanhood was to him, he would have heard with far less trepidation of a hostile fleet riding in the waters of the sunny little bay which his consular palace overlooked, than he greeted the letter from his daughter which heralded her arrival.

Rousing himself at length, with another deep sigh, and a heartfelt malediction on the caprices of the sex feminine, he extended his hand and touched a bell on the table beside him. Scarcely had its last silver-tongued echo died away, than the curtain which, instead of a door, fell over the archway of entrance, was drawn aside, and an elderly man appeared; a servant who looked as if he had been transported from London by genii hands to obey the summons—so little of the foreigner was there in his appearance, and so entirely was it the prim, staid aspect of respectability, which characterizes John Bull as much in servitude as in any other position to which fate may assign him. He waited with the mute patience of an automaton for several minutes; but Mr. Deverell had returned to the yet open epistle, and seemed so absorbed in its contents, that it was necessary to make some call upon his attention before it would awaken. so at length the machine spoke.

"You rang, sir."

"Rang!" Mr. Deverell started, and glanced up in surprise. "I—O yes; I believe I did. I wanted to speak to you, Williams."

Here he paused and Williams stood attentive, watching his master with fishy eyes, in silence, until it pleased him to resume.

"Williams, I shall want some apartments prepared. I am expect-

ing"—it was the courage of desperation which nerved him—"I am expecting my daughter to arrive shortly."

The shock was scarcely less great to Williams than it had been to himself, as was evident by the step back which that functionary took in his amazement. He stared at his master for a moment, and then he found voice.

"Your daughter, sir! I take it to be Miss Geraldine you mean, since Miss Deverell is married."

"Yes, Williams, yes. Miss Geraldine it is. Miss Deverell now, you know."

"Ahem!"

It was a very significant, even if deeply respectful cough, which Williams gave behind his hand. "I suppose, sir, Miss Deverell is only coming to pay a short visit."

"I—believe not, Williams," returned the unfortunate Consul, blushing like the veriest of culprits under Williams's eye. "The fact is, my daughter writes, most unexpectedly to me, that she is coming to live with me; and—and—in short you know, there is nothing to be done in such a case."

It was said not at all in a self-confident manner—rather with the most ludicrous air of deprecation; which did not, however, cause Williams to smile. He only stiffened himself into a more erect semblance of a poker, as he replied with most discouraging brevity:

"I suppose not, sir."

"I shall of course represent to my daughter, when she arrives," pursued Mr. Deverell, nervously, "that it would be better if she remained in England. That is, I hope her own good sense will point out

the advisability of so doing. But I don't know that she will see the matter in the same light. Women are very obstinate."

A profound sigh, unconsciously to himself, followed this piece of hard-earned knowledge, and was faintly, although sincerely echoed by Williams, who saw his own dictatorship in the establishment about to pass from his hands. He inquired when Miss Deverell was to arrive.

"That I cannot tell," said the Consul. "She is coming out in my son-in-law, Lord Dacre's yacht, and it may arrive at any time. I wish everything to be prepared for her reception. And of course," he added, "the yacht party will pay us a short visit. They are going to Egypt."

Williams said nothing beyond a respectful "very well, sir," as he turned to leave the room; but the last item of information had made his eyes brighten with a faint gleam of hope. Hope that the undesired addition to the consular establishment might, after all, be induced to continue the voyage with the yacht party. Such were his ideas of the immense distance of Egypt, that he would, in that case, have considered her safely disposed of for several years at least. But Mr. Deverell was too well informed to indulge in such unfounded expectations. He fully appreciated the certainty of the unkind blow which fate suspended over his head. After Williams's departure, he endeavored to find in slumber, if not consolation, at least forgetfulness of ill. But even that was denied him. The hour of siesta passed, and he rose from a sleepless couch more deeply and thoroughly

imbued with the sense of discomfort and injury than ever before.

As time went on, so many such vigils did the coming visitation entail upon him, that at last, worried and nervous to the extreme pitch of sensitiveness, it was almost rather a relief than otherwise, when one morning as he sat in the consular office, glancing over the last English journals, his chancellor entered with the information that the Albatross, whose expected advent was well known, had entered the bay, and dropped her anchor in full view.

With a groan to himself, Mr. Deverell let fall the paper, and rising walked through the window that opened to the floor, into a balcony on the front of the house, where he requested the chancellor, who had followed him, to have his boat manned, and he would go at once to the yacht.

"You will scarcely find it necessary to do so, signor," answered the Italian; "for unless my eyes are much mistaken, she has lowered a boat herself."

The consul thought so too; but he called for his glass to be sure. Yes; there was the boat pulling across the bay; but, beside the sailors, it held one gentleman. No ladies—positively none.

Without wasting time in useless conjecture, he put the telescope from his hand, hurried forth, and was standing at the steps of the landing, when the boat shot against them, and Lord Dacre stepped ashore.

The greeting between the two gentlemen was sufficiently warm, although the more demonstrative foreigners looking on probably thought

it sufficiently cold. And when it was over, and Mr. Deverell had ascertained the gratifying fact that his daughters were on board the yacht, and in excellent health, they turned their steps towards the consular residence, on entering which, Mr. Deverell ushered his guest along a large, cool hall, and up a very imposing stair-case into an airy and beautiful saloon on the second story, where he rang the bell and ordered refreshments, which, however, were declined by Lord Dacre; and therefore, to his own infinite regret, the curious eyes of Williams were dismissed by a nod from his master; and what passed in the half hour's entirely private conversation which then ensued, he had no means of knowing. At the end of that time, the two gentlemen came forth, and entering Lord Dacre's waiting boat, were straightway rowed back to the side of the Albatross. In a short time it again returned, and the sisters, for the first time since early childhood, were once more together beneath their father's roof.

Less than an hour afterwards, the Albatross weighed her anchor, set her sails, and standing out of the bay, shaped her course for Naples.

It was a little after sunset, and just at an hour when the welcome sea-breeze raises to cool the warm air, and stir the heavy foliage of the South, that Lady Dacre came forth into the garden to seek some soothing power in the beauty of nature, for all the strife of passion which was warring within her.

Several days had elapsed since their arrival. Miss Deverell and herself had removed from the city, and were now residing at a small

casino a few miles distant on the bay, where the Consul always spent the summer months, and whither he proposed to remove, when the addition was made to his establishment. Miss Deverell acquiesced at once, and Lady Dacre, thoroughly listless and indifferent, had no objection to offer—so they went. For the first time in their lives there was cold and utter estrangement between the sisters; not even the mutual anxiety knowing at their hearts had availed to draw them together, or to melt away their sore misconceptions. Yet in the breast of each, although, perhaps, unacknowledged even to themselves, was a yearning for the sure confidante who never before had failed, which at times could scarcely be gainsaid; and oppressed by this, as well as other sterner trouble, it was scarcely wonderful that all the sunny bloom and elasticity of aspect seemed gone from Lady Dacre's May-like beauty; even as all the joyous light had left her eyes, or long since been drowned in tears. She was so unfitted, either by nature or experience for trouble—so much a child in her need of shielding care and love, that it was almost piteous to see how the struggle of bearing all this alone had bowed her down to a state of impassive wretchedness, that wrote itself in strange lines on the young face—the face so sadly different from the one which had watched the last fading outline of England's cliffs, how short a time before.

Listlessly she roamed to and fro, through the wilderness of bloom which at any other time would have so delighted her, but which now she scarcely saw, and heeded not at all.

At last she reached the extreme limits of the grounds, a height which overlooked the sleeping azure of the bay below, its dotted group of emerald isles, the straits of entrance, the commanding fort, with its broad flag and passing sentinels, even the distant sea beyond. And here, beneath the spreading branches of a large plane tree, were rustic seats, and a small table placed. As these facts proved, the spot had always been a favorite one of the Consul's, to which he frequently repaired at sunset to smoke his chibouque and enjoy the evening breeze. Of late, however, the worthy gentleman had found a great deal of business to detain him at his residence in the city, so much, indeed, that a disinterested looker-on might have been pardoned for wondering why he should have proposed a removal to the Casius on his daughters' part, when the interests of British commerce required his own presence so constantly at the consular headquarters. Perhaps Williams was not a disinterested looker-on—for he certainly found nothing remarkable in the proceeding, and indeed secretly much applauded his master's wisdom; especially since himself still held under his authority the city establishment. Indeed it is only fair to state that both the Consul and his major-domo found themselves agreeably disappointed in the disposition which Geraldine had manifested, for instead of asserting the rights of her position, and taking the household reins of government into her own hands, as they had expected, she seemed much more disposed to preserve a profound indifference to all things which concerned it—and Williams waited in vain the first hostile

demonstration towards the powers of his viceroyship. "It is all very good, so far," he thought distrustfully, as the days went on, and still Miss Deverell gave no token of any aggressive intentions; "but she hasn't been here no time to speak of yet. And after the strangeness wears off, we'll see. She isn't her mother's daughter if she is willing to let well enough alone."

As for Lady Dacre, she sat down on the Consul's neglected seat, and placing her elbows on the table, supported her head in her hands, and gazed wistfully on the broad extended view at her feet, to that distant shining sea—looking as vainly, sighing as wearily, as ever poor Mariana in her moated grange, for the sight of a well-known sail and the coming of a familiar presence. How long she gazed she did not know, for sunset deepened to twilight, and at last sea and shore were too closely wrapped in the dusk mantle of the gloaming for her to distinguish any among the distant objects. Then the utter hopelessness of her expectation, seemed to rush over her with new force, and dropping her face on the table, she gave vent to her weary unhappiness in bitter tears. Not a mere summer gust, like those which she had ever known before, and, in fact, been somewhat addicted to the indulgence of, but such a tempest of grief as can at any time only harm, not relieve. Her heart felt none the less heavy for the choking sobs that were swelling her breast and rushing from her lips; but the emotion had been so long restrained and crushed back, that now it must have outlet.

Suddenly a hand fell on her

shoulder, with a light, cold touch, a hand which made her start, and her sister's quietly modulated tones said, "Gertrude, I have been looking for you. Come in and lie down; you will make yourself ill."

This was what their intercourse had become, frigidly distant, yet preserving every appearance which decorum demanded. But that evening Lady Dacre had broken through her icy barriers in one respect, and she felt that she could not bear them in another. So she drew away from that hand whose touch only chilled her, and steadied her voice sufficiently to reply :

"I had rather be left alone. I don't care about coming in ; and as for being ill, what does it matter?"

"It matters a great deal," said Miss Deverell, decidedly. "I am surprised at you for speaking so. Come in, Gertrude! I insist upon it, for I cannot leave you here alone."

"And why not?" demanded Lady Dacre, in a tone which caused her sister to involuntarily fall back a little. "How does it concern you if I desire to be left alone—at least, in peace, to suffer!"

She had lifted her face in so speaking, and there was light enough still lingering to show all its forlorn misery to her sister's eyes. Pale, tear-stained, and with dark purple circles under the formerly so sunny eyes, it spoke a history in itself, which sent a pang to the heart of the gazer. She was silent for a moment before speaking in a different and far softer tone, "You are not in a state to judge for yourself ; you are almost sick now."

"And who has made me so?" in-

terrupted Lady Dacre, almost fiercely, "who, when one word could have spared me all this, requited my efforts in her behalf by dealing back upon me such suffering as people never know twice? Go, and leave me to its indurance. Go ; my heart must break or cease to live soon ; and I don't care one feather's weight which."

Her head sank down on her pillow arms, and they, together with the long fair hair which was now entirely unbound, concealed her face from view. By her side Geraldine stood unmoving, perplexed, and not a little startled. And near them the flowers sent up their sweet fragrance all unheeded, and the dusk, deepening in its warm softness, now owned the faint lustre of one or two silver stars. At last Miss Deverell spoke, quietly and without apparent effort. "Gertrude, if I have done you injustice, was it not in your power then, is it not in your power now, to dispel my suspicions by one single word?"

"Dispel your suspicions!" repeated Lady Dacre, in a tone of quivering scorn. "And what right had you to entertain suspicions? No ; I will never lower myself sufficiently to recognize or dispel them."

"Then you have only yourself to blame for their continuance," said her sister coldly ; and she turned as if about to move away.

"Yes," I acknowledge that," came the faint answer in reply. "I have only myself to blame—no one else. Only myself persisted in the effort to win for you happiness ; and this is the end. If I had left untouched that which did not concern me, I might be happy, and you not miserable."

Geraldine paused. The utter-

weariness, the despairing cadence of the tones which spoke these words, arrested her steps. They seemed the voice of some spirit which had laid down its arms in a sore and mortal combat, never to take them up again. Pity took the place of anger, and urged her to make one more effort for an understanding. Again her hand fell on her sister's shoulder, but with a different touch from its former; and her voice sounded terse, as it broke the silence with one quick question, "Gertrude, *did* you write that note in my name?"

No answer came. In the odorous darkness, with its myriad bright eyes looking down, all was stillness. But Geraldine felt her sister's form quiver beneath her hand, and that sign of emotion gave her

courage to speak again, after waiting vainly for reply.

"Gertrude, I ask it in the name of the affection which from childhood has never known cloud until now; more, I demand it in the name of that justice to yourself, which you seem to have forgotten that you owe. One word, my sister, only one—tell me that note was written for me."

Gradually her arm had crept nearer, until now it encircled her sister's form. And then Lady Dacre once more raised her face, pushing back with both hands the bright hair that fell over and around it in rich masses of confusion.

"You know it was!" she cried passionately; and with that exclamation, her head sunk fainting on the shoulder beside her.

ELECTRICAL.

Here is the way it affected a chap, who tells about it in a provincial journal :—

"It seemed that her whole conformations
Were charged with electrical fire;
While her eyes gave out bright scintillations,
Like sparks from the telegraph wire.

"'Tis said that in many disorders
Magnetic appliances cure,
But such an electrical current
Is more than my nerves can endure.

"I touched but the tips of her fingers,
And felt a sensation so rare,
Methinks, if my arms had entwined her,
They would have been paralyzed there."

THE CONSTRUCTION OF THE BIBLE.

By the Bible we mean the Hebrew Scriptures, that book about which there has been so much controversy, and such vast misapprehension, both with regard to its language, its nativity and its residences. We may give thanks to the energetic army of the Egyptologers, who have mostly worked for its destruction or humiliation, for the means unwittingly furnished to aid in the restoration of an understanding of it. When we find such men as Baron Bunson repeating, in his bulky theoretical work on Egypt, some dozen times, that there is no historical data or chronology in the Bible before the time of Solomon, he but publishes that he is ignorant of its contents, and, like his German school of philosophers, only repeats the assertion as an evidence of his science.

Moses was an Egyptian; in religion a Hebrew Israelite, whom Paul tells us, "was learned in all the wisdom of the Egyptians." Paul was not a man to put forth idle words, or without an object. Hence he calls attention to the fact that the Mosaic writings have an Egyptian basis.

We must preface our remarks again by clearing away some of the Rabbinical rubbish still held by the Church. One thing is by reading Hebrew according to its Jewish vocalization. Another is the unnatural teaching so productive of

skepticism, that the patriarchs were men who lived centuries. We know this could not be, yet the Scripture is strictly correct, and uses a nomenclature common at the present day. Suppose we were writing of the Norman family, we might say the Norman was brought forth in A. D. 927, in 1066 he begat Briton, and he lived afterwards to 1120. So Plantagenet was born in 1154, and in 1400 begat the *red rose*, and died in 1521. So with the Bourbon, who died the other day in Spain, and so with Noah or the Noachites, or in the Egyptian language, Menes, from *Men*, "to build:" Hebrew, Noah, *to place, to set up*, he was born in A. H. 1056, and continued 500 years building, without any other history of his acts; he then produced three great rulers, Ham, Shem and Japhet, the latter a great expounder and civilizer, who ruled jointly with Shem, Gen. 9, 27, Japhet, meaning *to be opened, to expound*. The whole earth was overspread with the posterity of these three sons of Noah, not saying, however, that there were no other people. Ham founded most of Egypt through Mizraim, Cush and Canaan. Shem settled Lower Egypt and began a great empire—of Arphaxed in Northern Assyria, and the Elamites, about Persia, Assyria and Aramea; these branched off into other kingdoms; a Hamite, Nimrod, built the Babylonian empire, and the As-

syrian branched off from him, and built Nineveh—not before, but after Babylon. These facts are only incidentally mentioned. Phut, the third son of Ham, is supposed to have builded a kingdom in Africa, Mauritania and Libya. Now, of all these nations, the Bible history includes one people and one empire at a time, its details in the Pentateuch being confined to Shem, and that part of Ham which includes Ethiopia and its kingdoms, Mizraim or Egypt, and its kingdoms or provinces, which were joined in one great empire. We may here notice a law which seems to have prevailed in the world—that is, the civilized historic world—has always been governed by two great empires, whose ages are 1260 years, half the cycle of 2520, the great moral empires controlling the secular. The first Assyrian empire dates from about 2000 to 3260; its cotemporary was Egypt, whose first empire began about A. H. 1056, and ended with its old empire or 12th Dynasty, in 2316, which is about the death of Joseph; its second empire about the same time, ending in A. H. 3516, when the captivity to Babylon occurred, which was a cotemporary empire. The middle empire of Egypt is but a fancy of Egyptologists. About this period begins historic Greece and Rome—Greece, in her historic stage, from about 2600 to 3860, when she was merged in Rome. The Persian empire runs parallel with Rome, which began 900 years B. C., and was divided in A. D. 364 into the Eastern and Western empires. The Eastern empire arose about A. D. 300, or before, and ended in the 15th century. The

great Mohammedan and Papal empires ran about the same period, as far as we can see, the Mohammedan beginning in the 7th century, A. D. 612, and the Papal as a temporal power about the same time. Their empires should end about the present time, and it does not look unlikely.

The empire treated of in detail in the Bible is historically the Egyptian, however strange this assertion may seem (but mainly as the basis of a spiritual empire woven upon it), and we think we are prepared to prove it; and although it may require a more minute analysis than can be furnished in these articles, it will be fully given in a more elaborate work.

Rabbinical tradition, the great perverter of truth, is largely accountable for the false impressions on the subject, aided by a very trifling mistranslation in the Bible of just one word. The Noachites undoubtedly had progressed to Egypt before the period named as the bringing forth of Ham, Shem and Japhet in 1556, as from that point the records synchronize perfectly, and we will show it as we go along.

The supposition that the entrance into Egypt was in Jacob's time, and lasted 430 years only, has relation to his dynasty alone, for we read in Gen. 11, 28, generally rendered as though Abram came from Chaldea: "And Haran died before Terah his father, in the land of his nativity, *with the light* of the Chaldeans;" and the 30th vs.: "And Terah took *the sign* of Abram his son, and *the sign* of Lot the son of Haran his son's son, and *the sign* of Sarai his daughter-in-law, wife of Abram his

son, and *they carried with them the enlightenment* of the Chaldeans, to go to the land of Canaan." No one has ever found *Ur* of the Chaldeans, for there was no such place, but the Chaldean lore had been preserved by Terah's family, and they took it with them on their way to Canaan, which goal they did not at that time reach, but returned to their connections in Egypt, in the third dynasty after, or just 215 years, *i. e.*, from 2103 to 2238, and did not start again for Canaan until Moses led them forth, 430 years after. If otherwise, how was it that Ishmael's mother was an Egyptian, or why did Ishmael go there for his wife? Esau likewise married in Egypt. Only the Abramides left and returned, hence the great confusion both with the theologians and the Egyptologists, as to the time the Hebrews were in Egypt, and with the latter the Hyksos kings.

The Noachites ended in A. H. 2006, and Abram started with Terah at this time, and delayed at Haran, but went on with Lot in 2023, Gen. 12, 4, Terah remaining in Haran, where he died in 2083. They then went *south*, not north, the subsequent location of Canaan.

The Bible history from this point is of Abram's family and its surroundings. We are geographically far from Babylon, Chaldea and Palestine; the empire under rule is Mizraim and Cush, and the Hamitic and Shemitic branches running contemporary; Canaan is north and west, and we have not yet reached it. And the parallel between the Bible and Egyptologists may be thus seen, beginning with Noah and Moses. The 10th chapter of Genesis gives the geographical divisions,

and the dynasties are found in the records taken by Eratosthenes from those of the priests; and by Africanus, whom Eusebius copied from the book called *Manetho*, supposed to be written by a person of that name by Egyptologists, but probably the title of the book of Menes, or meaning the records of the builders. In fact, all that we have of Manetho is from these books, and other Greeks, with the Manes Hellenized. The real names we get from the monuments of stone and papyrus; the quotations are few, and the other matter uncertain, Eusebius borrowing from Africanus. The record of kings, as given by Eratosthenes, covers some 7 dynasties and 38 kings.

Beginning with the 10th chapter of Genesis, and following the line of Shem through the book of Genesis, it ends with it, king synchronizing with king, family and generation with dynasties, so clearly that the only marvel is the blindness of Egyptologists to the fact. The dynasties given by Eusebius and Africanus, cover the same families, including their branches, through Ethiopia and Mizraim, or Egypt, to the end of the 30th dynasty, and ending with the book of Nehemiah. The first two dynasties are called Thinites—the second running into the Memphites, the Thinites coinciding with the 10th chapter to Shem and the Eberite family, who are Memphites. Shem lived after he begat Arphaxad 500 years, &c., until 2158, and the Memphite dynasties run to this time, when the 7, 8 and 11 are combined, for we are now with Jacob's family at Laban's, and Jacob's name is changed to Israel, or Man of God, or in real

Hebrew, which may be traced in Egyptian, *Royal Man of God*, the *Ra* being the Egyptian for ruler, Royal or *Son of the Sun*, and the 11th and 12th dynasties are called Dispolitans, or People of God.

The 6th and 7th dynasties are omitted by Eratosthenes, as well as the 9th and 10th, for they are not in the genealogical line; the 5th and 6th are called Elephantine, or Ethiopic, and they refer to the families of Nahor in the 22d chapter of Keturah, in the 25th, and the 9th and 10th, called Heracleopolitan, refer to Esau and Seir, in the 36th chapter, the whole closing with Joseph's life. The synchronisms are not confined to the race of the kings, but throughout the prominent historical events of the Bible, are identical with those of Egyptology, as, for instance, Rameses the Great is Moses, and begins the 19th dynasty. The name signifies Royal Moses, Ra being the kingly title. The next is Sethos 1st, the great. All with the name of Seth are founders of a regime, and this is Joshua. Egyptology tells us he conquered Ludim, Palestine and Libyan, just what Joshua did. Then in Egyptology we have, in the 20th and 21st dynasties, twelve named Rameses, and seven kings. The two dynasties are combined, and the Bible gives us twelve Mosaic judges, and seven other reigns, six servitudes, and one usurper, a total like Manetho of 320 years, reaching to 3037. Then we have Smendes, or Samuel, and Pasm, or David, and the remark, "before him comes Peankh as High Priest," this is Elkanah of Sam., I., I., the father of Samuel. There is in Paris a *Stela* which records a miraculous event in the reign of the 12th Ra-

meses, (*i. e.*, Samson,) under his successor we find *Her Hor*, the High Priest of the Sanctuary of Thebes, prefect of the palace, also commander of the army; he after the death of Rameses 14th assuming full regal title, and founds a new empire. Bunson, 4th vol., p. 593. Eli was the 13th Rameses, Samuel the 14th, then Samuel of Mount Ephraim ruled and founded the Davidical empire.

The names in the Bible are royal appellations, all being kings or princes, except when otherwise designated in a few instances. Thus we must find Moses's real name in Egypt, his appellative meaning, *drawing from the waters*, waters symbolising *peoples*. The government of the eighteen preceding dynasties, as well as that in the book of Genesis, was somewhat of a theocracy, the rule descending from father to son, but not in primogeniture, for the king gave the inheritance to whichever son he chose, or was directed to. This system lasted to the 19th dynasty, when the great reformer, Moses, instituted a republican form of government, chose from the people a senate composed of seventy elders to govern, and *separated Church and State*. The apostolic succession of the reigning Israelitish families being in Levi—while the civil rule was in the Judges called Rameses. But to show the analogy still more pointedly, we will give the book of Genesis complete, which includes the 38 names of Eratosthenes, which are independent of Manetho, but giving the same chronological line from Noah to Joseph in Egypt. He was an eminent astronomer, and is said to have been ordered to make the list, and render the names into

Greek by their *meaning*, and this makes their recognition difficult, for each king had a name and an appellative, as is proven by their es-catcheons, Moses giving the latter, but we sometimes see them with both in the Bible, as in Benjamin's case, and *Ben Oini*, the *Ben*, being a prefix like the *Ra*. Eratosthenes was born about the time the Alexandrian school translated the Septuagint, and his utter lack of a proper knowledge of the significance of the names attests the literal and material character of the intellect of his age. Manetho is said to have been the High Priest of the Temple of Isis, (*Ish*,) at Sebennytus, in Lower Egypt, about fifty or seventy-five years earlier; but what crudities came from him are chargeable to his Greek copyist, who sometimes gets the names phonetically and Hellenises it, and sometimes ideographically, and puts it through the same process, whereby even such philologists as Bunson are utterly bewildered in applying them back from the Greek to the real names on the monument.

We will give the records of Moses and Eratosthenes only in the present article, and put them in juxtaposition. Although not divided in-

to dynasties parallel with Manethos yet they are marked by dynastic appellations :

- | | | |
|------------------------|----|--------------|
| 1. Menes..... | 62 | Noah. |
| 2. Atothes, son..... | 59 | Japhet. |
| 3. Atothes 2d, son.... | 32 | Ham. |
| 4. Diabes or Meabes.. | 19 | Canaan. |
| 5. Pemphos..... | 18 | Shem. |

190

These constitute the five heads of national families, as given in the 10th chapter of Genesis, and called the "generations of Noah"—they are styled Thinites. We would judge from the Hebrew word *Thanin*, to *extend*, to *spread*, rather than from the town of *This*, as some suppose. From this word comes *Thinin*, the great water serpent, the *crocodile*, the symbol of the god Typhon, born on the third day, corresponding with the era of Noah. There was also a god of this era belonging to the Osiris order, called Anep, or Anubis, represented with the head of a jackal—hence in Hebrew we have the word *thin* for jackal. Their next series are called Memphites, from an Egyptian word, *ma, mphtah*, or *place of the good God*, *i. e.*, Memphis, where the Noachites built a capital. We begin in 1655, the year of the Flood:

6. Nomechieri.....	79	Arphaxad..	35
7. Stoichus.....	6	Saah.....	30
8. Gosomus, a great lawgiver.....	30	Eber.....	34
9. Mares.....	26	Peleg.....	30
10. Anophis.....	20	Reu.....	32
11. Sirius.....	18	Serug.....	30
12. Chirubus.....	22	Nahor.....	29
13. Ragosis.....	13	Terah.....	70
14. Brieres.....	10	Abram	290
		224	
		1655	beginning. 1658
		1879	1948

two years after the Flood.

These are the "generations of Shem," in the 11th chapter ; the third being the "generations of Terah," in the end of the same chapter, and in 19, 31 :

15. Saop is	23		Abram.
16. Saophis 2nd	27		Ishmael.
17. Menches, <i>i. e.</i> , a builder	31		Isaac.
18. Mosthes, <i>i. e.</i> , from the waters	33		Moab.
19. Pammis, <i>i. e.</i> an Ammonite.....	35		Ammon.

155

To these add the 1st, and also the date of commencement, for they are cotemporary with the others .. 190

345

1655

2000

The fourth is also Memphite, and is consecutive to the second, continuing the generations of Terah :

20. Apapus.....	100		Abraham.
21. No name.....	1		Laban.
22. Nitrokris	6		Rachel.

107

1879

1986

1794

2048

Apapus was the greatest of kings, and built the great pyramid, and Nitrokris was a queen that survived him, and built the third one. The fifth are called Memphites, and Dispolitans, *i. e.*, people of God, and are the generations of Isaac, (Gen. 25-19,) for at its end Jacob is called Israel, or royal, man of God, the *ra* standing for royal in Egyptian ; these are in 29th and 30th Genesis :

23. Mytens	32		Jacob to his birth, 60.
24. Thousimares.....	12		Reuben.
25. Sethimiles	8		Simeon.
26. Semphukrates	20		Levi.
27. Chouthar	7		Judah.
28. Meyres	12		Dan.
29. Tho M e ptha	11		Napthali.
30. Sorku Mius	60		Gad.
31. Releathyres.....	16		Asher to Jacob's

173

61st year..... 60

Add..... 1936

120

2048

2164

2168

For some reason we are given two sums for the above figures, 166 and 173, the former leaving out Reuben, 12, who was disinherited, Gen. 49.4.

Therefore we add 166 to the third dynasty, $2000 - 166 = 2166$. The 6th are styled Deopolitans :

32. Amenemes.....	26		Joseph.	
33. Stammenemes.....	23		Benjamin.	
34. Sistoris.....	55		Dan.	
35. Mares.....	43		Napthali.	
	147		To Jacob before Pharaoh.	
Add the 5th.....	2164		Gen. 47-9.....	70
Joseph's death, 2309...	2311			2168
These being the generations of Jacob, 37,2.				2238

In this four the order of 30th Gen. is not observed, for Rachel's two sons precedes Leah's last two. Joseph is Amenemes throughout, and these are the years of his viceroyalty recognized by Egyptology, and seen in Genesis. The Hamites were already sovereigns in Memphis, with Shemites ; and now we see the family of Abraham returning to their Egyptian brethren. While viceroy, Joseph married the daughter of the High Priest of Heleopolis, or city of the sun, (Gen. 41-45,) and was called:

36. Sephoros.....	5		Zapnath paaneah	2238
37. Phurora.....	19		Ephraim.	
38. Amuthataios.....	63		Manasseh.	
	87		To Jacob's death.....	17
Add the above.....	2311			2255
	2398		To Joseph's death....	54
				2309

It is very difficult to understand the length of the reigns, and utterly impossible to reconcile either these or Manetho with Moses. They are doubtless astronomical numbers, recording the transits of stars and applied to the reigning king, regardless of his years. Thus a king may live through one transit and into a second, and he will appear twice in the lists, or vice versa ; there may be two transits to one king. Though this may be only conjectural, yet all their manner of computation and education, their system of astronomy, &c., confirms the view.

We must defer our parallel with Manetho's lists until our next, when we will also show the striking syn-

chronism of historic incidents, wherein the gross tendency to literal materialism is amply exhibited by the Greeks of the Alexandrian era. Now this is the regular genealogical line that carries the Messianic chronology, from Adam and Noah, *via* Abram, Israel, Moses, Joshua, David, &c., and completes the series in the book of Genesis, just as Manetho's first volume does.

The Biblical history, like the Egyptian, is divided into three eras, the pre-Mosaic, the Egyptian, and Canaanite, ending in Babylon. The Bible, moreover, gives us four great spiritual eras—the Noahic, or Shemitic, the Israelitish, the Mosaic, and the Davidical.

The Egyptian account of the first

era is that of a government of three orders of gods, without any reliable chronology. The first order consisted of eight gods, corresponding to the eight sons of Cain in Genesis 4th. The second order was of twelve gods, corresponding to Adam, Cain, Abel, Seth, and eight to Noah, in Genesis 5th. The third order consisted of seven gods. The first is Osiris, and this set are interspersed in the second order, Isis, (*ish*), *Osisis*, (Adam,) and Horus, (Seth,) combined in all of them, except the creative gods, *Ammen*, and *Knept*, *i. e.*, Elhi and Jehovah. Osisis is lord of the lower world. Isis is a female to Osiris, mother, sister, wife, &c., but representing *ish*, the inner or spiritual man, Horus is the son of Osiris, as Seth was of Adam, who was lord of the lower earth also. The Osiris order is represented by five gods, born in five days, of seventy-two days each, $5 \times 72 = 360$ the circle; these days of 72 represent the cycle of 480 years, as explained in the last article. In the first day Osiris was born; in the second, the younger Horus, called Amesis. The third day Tiphon, who killed Osiris. The allegory of the flood that killed Adam was in the third day, but like Adam, Osiris rises again in the end triumphantly. In the fourth day, Isis, the daughter of Hermes, (*i. e.*, Thoth,) this corresponds to Sarah, the first mother mentioned after the flood. And the fifth, Nephthys, or victory, carries us to Moses. Horus, (*i. e.*, Enoch,) represents, by the Egyptian account, the vernal equinox. Now correct the calendar of his birth, 622, as we did in the last article, with Moses, and take off half of the circle, 180, and we have A. H., 442, the year when the sun

at the vernal equinox entered the sign Taurus from Gemini. Typhon represents the autumnal equinox, and we come to him in $442 + 1080 =$ A. H. 1522, for the calendar was corrected by Enoch, who marked the perfect year of 365, by his age. Yet we have not come to the flood, for in Gen. 6, 3, we find the flood is delayed 120 years, or to 1642; add to this the difference in 1080 years, between 360 and 365, amounting to 15, and we have 1657. The seven gods, however, are not all pre-Noachic, for they continued to live, and were subsequently developed in Jacob by the name of Israel, in Hoshea by the name of Jehoshua, and the seventh in Jedidah, by the name of Shalimah, called Solomon. The fourth was Noah. Moses gives us a detailed chronology covering this period, not of the world, but of the man Adam. But Egyptologists, believing the tradition that it is a history of the creation of mankind, discard it for the uncertain fragments of Eratosthenes, and the scraps of what they consider a book, written by Manetho.

With Noah we begin the second era, or Egyptian period, and with him, *i. e.*, Manes, begins the Egyptian empire, the source of all the light, as the Egyptologists truly say. Not knowing that by Egypt they name the Biblical record. But we may be asked if these two histories are identical, where is Egyptian history? We answer it is in Egypt, on her monuments, it was the book called Manetho, which her priesthood kept, and alone understood, whence Africanus and others got extracts, and Hellenized them, and whence Moses, who understood and did not Hellenize them, received his

principal statistics. But we may again be asked, where is Egyptian history after the exode? We answer, they had none; her monuments were built by the Shemites, and ceased with the Ramesses, or Judges, and the Egyptians of Alexandria, finding their history in the Mosaic writings, in the charge of the priests, took what history they had from that same line of priests, who had then ceased to live in Egypt. With their departure, the history of Egypt becomes a blank, and of little importance until towards the Alexandrian era, when those *reliable Greeks* (?) either ignorantly or fraudulently, applied the post Exode history of the Bible to Egypt. If this is not so, then the Bible is a fiction, based upon the facts of Egyptian history. But this is not true, for we will now prove that its construction is such as to refute that theory. For if it is not a work of inspiration, it is at least written with an intelligence that details the past, present and future in a marvellous manner, and Egyptian history being Biblical, will help us to elucidate this position. In the early years of the Noahchites, the literature was based on figures of animals to represent syllables and words. All the learning was monopolized by the priestly order, and an alphabet was invented by Noah, or in his era, according to Egyptology, by Shem or Eber, based on the external lineaments of the man *Enosh*, forming the letters with the figures of his attributes, as many as may be, that is, to represent his brain, head, eyes, nose, &c. This may be seen in the description of the contents of the ark, *i. e.*, *Thebeth* or *Thebah*, in Gen. 7th, when read without any vocalization, and

as near as can be attained to the sense of the roots of the word—the derivative belonging to a later period of the language. And this is doubtless the meaning of three canons of the *parts of man*, sculptured on the ancient temples and found by Egyptologists, whereby he is divided into twenty-one and a half parts, corresponding to the twenty-two primary letters of the alphabet. There were, however, a total of 30 letters, 14 of one character, alike in male and female, and two unlike, and 14 alike, &c. The thirty letters are found according to the movements of the moon, which symbolized the Ibis-headed god Toth, the god of letters. This includes twenty-two letters, with five finals and three duplicated with a diacritic point. This alphabet was attached to numerals to give a value to each letter, as we now find it, and the language was so formed as to express by its names both nouns and quantities, and its chronology may be read in the names, as I will presently exemplify. This language was sacerdotal, not as Bunson says, first formed as languages usually are, and then made sacred, but wholly invented and formed ideographically, as Bunson ascertained, Egyptian numerals were always written; if expressed, it was in the vulgar tongue, which in Egypt was Egyptian, which Bunson himself shows is Shemitic, with a light infusion of the Arian. It was read as a phonographer would now read his signs in any language that he understood. Only after Judah (*i. e.*, the Jews) got hold of this sacred language was it profaned by vocalization, and reduced to the common uses of life; and it then gave a form to the literature of the Shemitic

language, perverted by vocalization to carry all the Rabbinical traditions.

By the Hebraic system the goal is the Messianic man, the eighth or resurrection God; he was born in 4163; the cycles end with him in the temple, 4175. The Messiah, or man *ish*, appeared at the Jordan in 4193, and he ascended in 4196. Now the various names of dynasties and eras of the Bible are so valued in their letters as to point to these periods. Thus the second and third order of gods are represented by their corresponding men, and are so written in the Hebrew.

Beginning with Adam, Cain, Abel, thence those in 5th chapter to Noah, we have all the second order, and Osiris (*Adam*), Seth (*Seth*), Enoch and Noah of the third order; these amount to 2881; then add Israel, Jehoshua and Solomon, all deified names, and we have 4194, the first year of the Christ.

Diodorus says: "The children of the priests are taught two different kinds of writing, what is called the sacred and the more general, and they pay great attention to geometry and arithmetic," &c., "for the orders and motions of the stars are observed, at least as industriously by the Egyptian as by any people whatever, and they keep a record of the motions of each for an incredible number of years."—*Willkinson*, 1st, 321.

In this little paragraph may be seen the germ of this system of writing Hebrew and counting signs, and we may also see why the length of each king's reign in Manetho differs from Moses. It was not the length of the reign of this or that man that they record, but the pass-

age of certain stars or planetary gods, crossing certain portions of the Stellar world, and placed to the credit of the contemporary ruler, hence the priesthood of Thebes would be observing one set of stars while those of Memphis observed another; and the time is named by an appellative, which is not the name of a king. Therefore one person may appear in two characters, and two characters as in one.

Thus the 18th dynasty closes with Moses, as Amosis, expelling the Hebrews; the 19th opens with Moses as Rameses the great, in whose reign there was a change of gods, which may be seen in Exodus 6th and Deuteronomy 4th.

The exode of Moses marks the rebellion of a republican faction, a revolution and a contest between Thebes and Memphis—the former being Egypt proper, Jacob, with five sons, having been given a settlement elsewhere. They went South, and built or enlarged Thebes. The five probably representing the five sons of Rachel, counting Ephraim and Manasseh for Joseph. The wars of the Exodus are undoubtedly placed in the popular mind too far north; but of this hereafter.

In order that the above numbering of names may not appear a mere coincidence, we will presently give others; but first will show how the eras of the patriarchs in Genesis 5th, coincide with the days of creation in 1st Genesis, and likewise with the five birth days of the Osiris order of gods, whom only the ignorant worshipped, while the priests knew them to be but representations of the varied attributes of Deity, as presented to the material mind; the days of creation also

coinciding with the scriptures. The numbers will be corrected as we proceed to change the *Shanah*, 360, into the *year* 365. Moses gives us A. H. 130, for the birth of Seth, and he lived after he had begotten Enos, $807=130+807=937$. This is the first day when light and darkness were divided. And Enos lived after begetting Cainan, $815+937=1752$; this is the second day, when there was an expanding firmament in the midst of the waters, (*i. e.*, peoples.) "And the gods made the sign of the expansion, and separated between the waters, (peoples,) which were below the expansion, and thus it was," 1-7. Noah or Manes forms a new and expanded empire, both moral and spiritual, and the allegorical flood, the figure being taken from a remote physical disturbance of the waters, is the separation. Thence from Cainan, which name signifies to *build up—to set up*, to Mahalalel, $1752+840=2592$, less 36, to correct 2556; this was the third day, when we read, "Let the waters from *beneath the heavens* be gathered into one place." And we have already shown how the Noahic family gathered into Egypt, and thence continued into Canaan, and brought forth those intellectual, or spiritual developments, or food, symbolized by material vegetable food. Thence we proceed to Jared, 830, less 13= $817+2556=3373$, during which God said, "Let there be light in the firmament," &c. This is the fourth day, and Moses gave the light and formed the church, and the two great lights were written on two stones on Mount Sinai. Thence from Jared to Enoch, 800, less 10= $790+3373=4163$, the end of the fifth day, in which the gods created

the great *dragon*, *i. e.*, Babylon. In the sixth day the gods said, "Let us form Adam in our own image," &c. In the fifth day the *waters. i. e.*, the peoples, brought forth. In the sixth day it reads, "let the *earth* bring forth." This word is a symbol for *the Church*, and whenever used will be found fitting as such. And it brought forth in 4163, the man Jesus, the second Adam. And Enoch lived sixty-five years, and brought forth *Methusaleh*, or the messenger of *death*, or of the dead man, "And Enoch (*i. e.*, Christ,) walked with the gods, and was not, for the gods took his sign." Enoch walked with the gods 300 years after he begat Methusaleh, just about the time that Christ walked with the gods of Rome, after A. D. 65, and then "was not," at least, during Methusaleh's time, which reached to $653+782=1435$, the dawn of the Reformation.

We will now give another peculiar numbering: The first set of patriarchs are in the 4th of Genesis, Cain's family, wherein are the eight gods of the first order. We will number their names from Cain to Adah seven names, giving us 1569, just covering the birth of Shem, Ham and Japhet, then proceed with Zillah and the next generation, ending with Naamah, *the beautiful*, and it brings us to 2547, the Levitical dynasty. We now go to the second list of patriarchs, and gods of the second order, with whom we divided the *days*, and add Seth of the first day, $700-3247$; then Enos, Cainan, Mahalalel and Jared, and being up the sixth day $917+3247=4164$, when the infant Saviour was in Egypt. Mosaic chronology uses the cycle of 360 and the canicular

period of $360 \times 4 = 1440$; while another school in Egypt used the sothic cycle of 1461 or $365 \times 4 = 1460$, with one intercalary year, reckoning from the rising of Sirius, the dog star, in conjunction with the sun at the vernal equinox. Seth is placed at A. H. 130, add to that two sothic cycles $130 \times 2922 = 3052$, now correct the calendar, as Moses did at the Passover, by deducting 190, and we have A. H. 2862–1322 B. C., which year is known to have been a sothic year by modern astronomical data, and add that to 2862 and we have 4184; but the difference of latitude in Egypt, where the first observations were made, and that of Palestine, would give us about 4163.

Although we can multiply the lines of numbering names where they are found in consecutive order, ending with the Messianic era, to a wonderful extent, we will endeavor to show in what manner they contain a perfectly formed spiritual edifice, with its material symbolical edifices in Egypt and Palestine. It may be noted that in the 5th of Genesis, that although the word *Son* is applied to Seth and to Enos, it is not applied to another until we reach Noah. The word *ben* primarily signifying to *build*, hence is synonymous with builder. *Eben* stone has a like primary significance, coming from the same root. Now there is a peculiar phrase in the Bible, doubtless rendered erroneously; it is made to refer to the age of men, in the translation, as in Gen. 5th, 32: "And Noah was five hundred years old," whereas it reads, "And Noah was a son (*i. e.*,

builder) five hundred years." This is not the manner of designating age in the 5th and 11th chapters, and elsewhere; it does not mean to tell the age, but the building period of the dynasty. The phrase is used forty-three times in the line of historic books, beginning with Noah, forty-two of which belong to the edifice, the forty-third is a king of Babylon. Forty-two is a peculiar number, a working period or six days of seven each. The Noachic began in 1056, and Noah built 500 years, and 600 years $1056 \times 1100 = 2156$. Thus we go on to the forty-second builder, Jehoiachim, making the corrections between *Sharrim* and years, and it reaches 4175, or Jesus in the temple. Then Zedekiah of Babylonish make, built twenty-one years, reaching the crucifixion in 4196. But the edifice is built with forty-two builders. So the book of the dead in Egypt is addressed to Osiris and 42 judges, "the Lords of Truth." So in the chronological line in Genesis there are twenty-two names; the next is found in Exodus 6th, and are Levi, Kohorth, Annam, Moses, then twelve judges, with Eli, Samuel, Saul and David, making forty-two to the last god, Solomon, and the Temple. The table of the forty-two items of building may be found in the book "Who was Jesus?"

The application of the phrase builder to the patriarchs will apply with redoubled significance when we investigate the buildings and temples in Egypt and Palestine, which will but magnify the wonder how the Egyptologists have depended upon the fragmentary second

hand scraps of Manetho, Hellenized by the Greeks, rather than the explicit record of Moses, the Egyptian.

One of the most satisfactory of them, however, Seyfforth, does adhere to Moses, but is misled by the Septuagint, which went through three centuries of Alexandrian manipulation.

We will give another curious system developed in the Scripture writings. Of the male names introduced, all come within one of these shapes—first, “*he begat*,” &c.; second, as the “*sons of Japhet were*,” and the other form to which we would call attention is, “and she bare a son and *called his name Seth*.” Of these latter class there are thirty-six instances, having a total of eighteen mothers, just two to a mother, yet not so in their order, for Leah and Rachel have twelve of them, and these are subdivided in three classes. We will first proceed with 24, or two-thirds of them, that are named by a play upon the word, as for instance with the first one Seth, “and she called his name *Seth*, for the gods have appointed (*Seth*) to me other seed,” &c. These are Seth, Noah, Isaac, Esau, Jacob and his twelve sons, and others, but beginning with *Seth*, omitting Esau, and ending with *Joseph*, in the 30th chapter (15 names), when Laban and Jacob separate, and the sons are ended, excepting only the promises of another son, and the value of their names amount to 4162, when the angel appeared to Joseph and told him to call the son’s name “Jesus.” Now let us take the balance of the names formed by a play upon the word,

and they are Esau, Benoni, Benjamin the son of the right hand of the father, Pharez, Manasseh, Ephraim, Moses, Gershon, Samuel, Solomon or *Jedidah*, *i. e.*, the beloved, and Jesus spelled in Greek, and we have $4174 - 1 = 4175$, Jesus in the temple.

Again we have another series of fifteen names of these 36 sons, whose names are preceded with the word *eth*, usually taken for the sign of the accusature case, but the reader will find one phraseology to the meaning of Dan, Naphtali and Asher, yet the word is only with the latter name, and I read it thus: “And she called his name the sign of Asher” (*i. e.*, happiness.) These names are Seth, Enos, Noah, Isaac, Gad, Asher, Zebulon, Dinah, a sister, Joseph, Shelah, Manasseh, Ephraim, Gershon, Samuel, Jedidah, 15 names, amounting to 4175, or Jesus in the temple, which was the sign of the Christ in the living temple.

Let the reader remember that these names are not picked out of a mass to fit, but are all of their class; the only latitude used is one in the text—such as omitting or adding a *vau* (6), when the name is spelled both with and without, as in Noah and the last syllable of Joshua. The remaining names of the 36 are Enos, Noah, Benoni, Ishmael, Er, Onan, Samson, Shelah, Zarah and Obed; these amount to 2734, and we find in Ruth, 4, 22 : “And Obed begat Jesse, and Jesse begat David,” and by adding Jesse and David, 340, we have 3074, the birth of David. In the book “Who was Jesus,” his birth is *estimated* at 3102, and as he was seventy

years of age at his death ; this we will endeavor to show who differs but two years. The reader built the Egyptian monuments, has probably had enough of these and how the Hebrew edifice was calculations. In our next number constructed.

THE PILGRIM FATHERS.

BY REV. JOHN H. HANSON.

To Plymouth's far-famed rock
The Pilgrim Fathers came,
And brought with them to western climes
The fagot and the flame.

They did not cross the wave
With ties of country riven,
By persecution's torrent power
Or dark misfortune driven.

No ! let the truth be told,
They wanted furs and fish,
And royal James a "Patent" gave
To grant them all their wish.

Reverse the silly tale
Our children have been taught ;
Not liberty, but power and gold,
Was all the Roundheads sought.

They knew not Freedom's sacred law,
Or knowing, did despise,
To give to ALL the rights that we
Ourselves most dearly prize.

New England annals tell,
And Quakers whipped and burned,
Show that, if tyranny they felt,
They tyranny return'd.

Call it not holy ground,
The spot where first they trod,
They did not leave *what there they found*—
Freedom to worship God.

And history's iron pen
Shall grave a stern record,
And hand them down to future days,
By all free minds abhorr'd.

BALDASSARE DE LAMA.

[Translated from the Italian of Polidori, by Mrs. Kate Comstock Burr.]

THERE had been in Lisbon between the two illustrious families, Saurey and Suya, dissensions of many years' duration. Peace at last being re-established, it was thought best to insure its stability by the marriage of Elvira and Emanuela, the sole heirs of the two families. All the preparations were completed; the betrothed loved each other passionately, and looked eagerly forward to the moment that would unite them. An unlooked-for obstacle to their happiness now appeared in the person of Baldassare de Lama, a man of fortune, but proud of his riches and his power at court; desiring to ennoble himself by an alliance with the illustrious family of Laurey, he had tried every means of success in vain. Having recourse at last to the king, he obtained from him a powerful pledge of royal favor by being appointed viceroy of India as a wedding present.

Elvira's parents had not the courage to oppose the wish of the king; they consented, though unwilling, and the superb de Lama enjoyed his victory. However, Emanuele would not suffer him to triumph with impunity. Transported with love and rage, he relieved his resentment in bitter words; words led to arms, and they fought each other furiously. De Lama, inferior in

dexterity and strength, having already received two wounds, was on the point of succumbing, had not some people opportunely arrived to rescue him. Flying immediately to court again, he made a malicious complaint against Suya. De Suya was imprisoned, and already condemned to death, when Elvira, pierced by the deepest sorrow at the news, not knowing what else to do, applied to de Lama. In spite of the assent of her parents, she had until now refused to give her hand to a man whom she mortally abhorred; the cruel man made use of this occasion to conquer her. He pretended that her prompt obedience to his desires was the only price of Emanuele's life and liberty. In vain she represented to him the insuperable aversion she bore him, and the impossibility of loving him; she reproached him in vain for his want of delicacy, and his ferocious obstinacy; he was immovable; and to save the life of the unhappy de Suya, Elvira was forced to accept the iniquitous conditions, and sacrifice herself.

The nuptials were celebrated with great magnificence, and de Suya obtained pardon, but was not liberated until Elvira and her husband had left for India. Arrived there, the new viceroy began to exhibit the

most repulsive arrogance, and this, united with the cruelty and the hardness of his heart, caused the alienation and finally the rising of the people. Elvira, on the contrary, with her humanity and the sweetness of her manners, was to every one an object of love and admiration. Every action of de Lama rendered him more abhorred, and a circumstance now occurred which added fresh fuel to the flame of popular hatred towards him. A princess of Malabar, flying from her country, came to implore the succor of the viceroy against the pretended persecutions of her brother. The charms and insinuations of this woman, and more than all, the title of princess, soon seduced the ambitious heart of de Lama. He was in love, and to such a pass did he carry his passion, that he commenced to treat Elvira not only with coldness but with cruelty, keeping her imprisoned in her apartments. The fact became known, and excited unusual indignation; every one murmured deeply and loudly, but the viceroy, entirely occupied with his new love, cared nothing for what might be said of his wicked infidelity and barbarity. At this time de Suya determined to go incognito to India to see one whom he loved better than life. Arrived at Goa, he learned of the barbarous treatment of the unhappy Elvira, the compassion felt for her by all, and the disgust which filled everybody at the iniquity of de Lama. The first impulse that thrilled Emanuele was to punish the brute and avenge the queen; but he saw the peril to which it would expose her, the suspicions that would be entertained against her, the opprobrium that would attach to her

as the supposed accomplice in the punishment of her husband. Moderating his wrath, he planned a more cautious and safe mode of affording her succor. He instructed one of the two attendants he had brought with him to introduce himself at the court of the viceroy, and to endeavor to get himself admitted to the service of Elvira. The other was to insinuate himself near the princess of Malabar, in order to spy out what she and the faithless de Lama might be plotting against her.

It was not long before a web of the most horrible treachery was discovered. De Lama, blinded by his unworthy passion, blinded by the ambitious desire to see himself united with royal blood, stimulated by the continued instigations of his wicked companion, had yielded to the execrable plan of ridding himself of Elvira by poison, that he might marry the princess. In fact the poison was already provided, but Elvira was warned in time. The noise of this murderous attempt soon spread itself through the court and city; the people, already exasperated, could not restrain themselves at this new horror; a thrill of disdain stirred every heart; the boldest and most discontented had recourse to open hostility; they incited the people, besieged the court, assailed the apartments of the princess and murdered her. The infuriated viceroy ran quickly to the defense, but it was too late, and he himself would have been killed by the enraged people if Emanuele, fearing the consequences, had not interposed with his two followers, and by fighting valorously, saved his life. It is impossible to tell the confusion of de Lama when he found

that he owed his life to his rival, and at a moment when his conscience told him he well merited death. The sorrow of having his loved princess so suddenly taken from him, the shame of seeing his wickedness exposed, the mortification of finding himself universally execrated, the fear that all would be known at Lisbon, and a speedy punishment follow, remorse for his wickedness, all mingled to throw him into extreme consternation, and being assailed by a violent fever, he saw plainly that he was near his end. The mournful light of the last hour scattered the clouds that had enveloped him until now; he saw the full extent of his transgressions, he realized the horrors of his last act of treachery, and sending for Elvira and Emanuele, with tears in his eyes he said to them :

“Elvira, wife I can no longer call you, I acknowledge all the offenses I have committed against you. For

how long a time have I persecuted you. Ah! heaven at last has pity on you! it takes from you a husband too unworthy of you. If my vast fortune can compensate at all for the wrongs I have done you, I abandon it all to you. Emanuele, the life you generously preserved, it pleases heaven now to take. I am thankful for it, as I care not to survive my last black deed. You alone were worthy of Elvira; I took her from you; now I restore her. Make her as happy as I have made her miserable. Only one favor I ask of both, and that is, that forgetting what I have done in the past, you will preserve the memory of this moment, and let it not be abhorred. Embrace me in sign of your pardon for the last time; I die content.”

Thus he expired in their arms and bathed in their tears; but carrying with him the sad knowledge of a life dishonored by pride and cruelty.

AGE.

Ah! do it kindly; 'tis a holy task,
That gentle ministry to the wants of Age;
And Youth no higher mission e'er should ask
Than thus to light some lone one's pilgrim-age.

Think of the weariness which they must feel
After so many years, and strive to be
Gentle with them; so some young heart shall deal
In thy old age as tenderly with thee.

ASTOUNDING DELUSIONS AND FALSEHOODS EMPLOYED BY
WILBERFORCE TO TURN LOOSE THE NEGROES OF THE
WEST INDIES.

A PAMPHLET SUPPRESSED SINCE 1823.*

WHEN a clergyman of the Church of England ventures to reply to what assumes the imposing appearance of disinterested truth, clothed in the hallowed gab of universal charity, and uttered with all the confidence of local knowledge, he may himself, perhaps, be suspected of outraging the mild character of the divine precepts he should inculcate, and his own philanthropy, may be called in question. Such imputations may probably be cast on me, for thus venturing into the field of controversy with you, Sir, who have so long labored in a cause, which, if abstractedly considered, is doubtless that of degraded humanity. But, Sir, I write only as the feeble advocate of a Church Establishment, whose domestic as well as foreign institutions,

you appear to take every opportunity of impugning. I am unwilling to suppose, Sir, that you are actually the author of the unfounded calumnies, and artful insinuations, which give a false coloring, to the picture you draw, and stain the "Appeal"† you make in behalf of a religion whose character is intelligence and truth: but I am reluctantly compelled to believe that you are deficient in that energy which should induce you to gain, by personal experience, all the information which your important object requires; that you are, in fact, the tame abettor of a party spirit, the tool of designing men, who labor under the popular mask of philanthropy, or bring down destruction and ruin on our West Indian Colonies, and complete the dreadful tragedy which has been unhappily acted in a neighboring island.

* "A Voice from Jamaica: In reply to William Wilberforce, Esq., M. P. By Rev. George Wilson Bridges, B. A., of Trinity College, Oxford, and Rector of the Parish of Manchester, Jamaica. London, 1823."

This was a pamphlet of fifty pages, which was so damaging to the character of Mr. Wilberforce for truth and candor, and exposed the lying agencies employed by the Abolitionists so conclusively, that the friends of Wilberforce purchased, as soon as possible, the whole edition, and thus cunningly caused it, in a short time, to wholly disappear from the book stores. We shall reprint the whole entire in three numbers of THE OLD GUARD.

The moment you have chosen to urge your claim to public attention, argues a design not creditable to the noble cause you professedly advocate: let the sacred claims of humanity rest on their own broad found-

† "The title of Wilberforce's pamphlet was as follows: An appeal to the Religion, Justice and Humanity of the inhabitants of the British Empire in behalf of the negro slaves of the West Indies"

dation, and not depend upon the weak adventitious aid of temporary intrigues and rival interests. Doubtless you expect, that, by agitating the subject at the present moment, you will insure the venal support of the East Indian interest, which seeks to overwhelm these Western sugar colonies, as a mere matter of mercantile speculation. But, Sir, let me ask, would even that coalition secure you such a triumph as would be satisfactory to an upright mind? are you so vain, so careless of legitimate means, that you would owe your success to the greediness of a mercenary traffic? or do you argue that, because the West Indies have been cursed with hated slavery,* through the speculations of commercial avarice, it is just and honorable, to use the same venal agency to subdue the evil? If doubtful means must be employed, it becomes you, Sir, to be doubly solicitous, that the object you have in view, be now attainable without hazarding the creation of mightier ills than those you seek to cure: it behooves you, laying aside all personal ambition, to ascertain what may reasonably be expected from the slow, yet certain progress of time.

Your success, in the cause you prematurely urge, must undoubtedly be purchased by the ruin of many thousands of your countrymen; by a deluge of blood; and by the certain misery of the very objects whom you professedly labor to relieve. You possibly imagine that your life may be closed ere such

consequences would follow to stain its philanthropic character; that it would obtain an expiring lustre from the immediate accomplishment of your cherished project. Again, I repeat it, look on St. Domingo; that fostered child of your disordered fancy: where are your boasted results of emancipation to be traced, but in the appalling features of a barbarous revolt? Its population is virtually less free, less civilized, and less happy, than that of Jamaica; and this only, because it was immaturely plucked from the parent stem, where had it remained the fullness of its time, it would have obtained strength sufficient to enable it to strike deep root, and bear the sweet fruits of freedom, harmony, and peace.

You are accused, Sir, by the friends of these colonies, of paying no attention to the repeated and actual disapproval of many circumstances you advanced as facts; of attempting to evade exposure, by overwhelming such unanswerable refutations with the confidence of reiterated assertions. But, "*non numera hæc judicantur sed pondere.*" This forms no part of fair argument, it disgraces the cause you advocate, and I hope may prove an unfounded accusation against you: for, after a long residence here, in a capacity which, I trust, will protect me from the possible suspicions of disingenuousness, of interest, or of ignorance, I shall form my own personal experience, and the professional opportunities of observation and research, which lie within my reach, endeavor to correct your own statements, where it is evident you are misinformed. And this I shall do with more confidence than, perhaps, becomes

*The Rev. Author felt the necessity of occasionally using language which would cause his work to be read with some patience by the supporters of Wilberforce.—(ED. OLD GUARD.)

an inexperienced author, inspired by a conviction of the correctness of my materials, and the impartial justice and humanity of my purpose. When I tell you that I came hither seven years ago, biassed by as great an abhorrence of the very name of slavery, as ever haunted an educated mind ; and, from certain circumstances, which may, perhaps, bring my name to your recollection, possessing as much respect for you, its opposing champion, as ever enthusiast felt, you will perhaps be induced to give me credit, at least for the pure motives which dictate this letter ; namely, a desire to inform you upon points on which I am capable of giving information, which are essential to a fair consideration of the subject matter of your "Appeal:" and also an anxious wish to avert an impending blow, which, if now inflicted, will deluge these unhappy islands with blood, and consign them to utter desolation.

You, Sir, have never been in the West Indies ; you have never viewed the habits of negro life in its indigenous state ; nor ever had communication with that people, other than what you may have obtained from some casual intercourse with a few individuals in London, who have visited you as their avowed protector, and their ready listener to their tales of woe : yet you conceive your knowledge of their character to be perfect. As perfect, Sir, as is that you would form of the English peasant, from the artful tale of a wandering street beggar.

Allow the one who has profited by all those opportunities which you want, one whose professional duties induce an intimate acquaintance with the negro character in its pro-

gressive stages of improvement ; one who is equally anxious as yourself to see the negroes raised to the rank which all Christians should be rendered competent to sustain, to tell you that you are fatally in error throughout ;—that, in fact, you know little of their actual state ; and that if your views of the case are founded on the statements detailed in your "Appeal," they are as inaccurate and premature, as the information you have obtained is false.

The dreadful tendency of the latter part of your "Appeal," which I shall presently notice, necessarily forbids its circulation here ; and I have been able to procure no more than its hasty perusal ; but that was sufficient to impress certain flagrant errors on my mind, together with the instant conviction that nothing could be more easy than their refutation.

Your eagerness to make use of the "African" name, and, right or wrong, to drag it before public, is sufficiently evident from your catching at an opportunity, which unfortunately for the credit of your historical knowledge, occurs in an early page, of stating that the Charaibs of St. Vincent's were "descendants of the crew of an African ship which was wrecked on the island about a century ago." Now, any child will tell you that this assertion contains within itself a self-evident contradiction. That it is ridiculous to talk of a *Charabi descended from an African* : that these two generations of men have flowed apart most probably ever since the deluge, and are distinct as the Gentoo and the Spaniard. If this, Sir, be a specimen of your research, it proves, at the outset, shallow are the sources of your in-

formation, even on your favorite theme ; and how much you credulously take on the faith of others. The fact was this : the Charaibs were the original inhabitants of St. Vincent's, and the adjoining islands ; but, about the end of the 17th century, a large Guinea ship was wrecked there, and its cargo of negroes escaped into the woods ; where, being joined by runaways from Barbadoes, they set the Charaibs at defiance, and the island became, as Edwards expressed it, "a theatre of savage hostilities *between the negroes and the Charaibs.*" Another palpable historical error is to be found in a note to the same page, where you assert that this island "was taken by Venables and *Vernon* ;" when your history of England would have told you that the expedition was led by Veneables and Penn, and that no such person as Vernon was attached to it.

These errors I should certainly not have considered worthy of notice, had they not have been of so palpable a nature : If upon facts of such notoriety you are so incorrect, what may we not expect in the sequel, on points upon which distant residence forbids the opportunity of gaining that information which even in your study you have overlooked ?

Your next material assertion merits however a more serious consideration. You state that "there exists a natural tendency towards the maximum of food and other comforts," among our negro laborers here. Now, Sir, be it recollected, that a negro's habits are such, as, if you had ever condescended to obtain information from experience, you would know, that two of the most

effective of them would not turn over as much ground in your garden in one day, as your own garden-er does, *ceteris paribus*, in half that time : that, in short, no comparison of manual labor, which you can contemplate, holds good between the negro, and the day-laborer in England, who will reap an acre of wheat between day-light and sun-set. Yet that the former has his half-hour at breakfast, and his two hours at dinner allowed him ; that he is provided even with a cook to dress the food he obtains in abundance, and which he considers as palatable as what the Sunday's oven affords to the latter : that, at night, he returns to his family, secure of finding them, not cold and hungry, clinging to his knees, and crying for food he cannot give them, but around a good fire, happy and contented as himself ; and that, in a warm house, he passed the night, secure of the same provision for the morrow. It is true, he may want the fatigue which renders sweet the slumbers of the English laborer, but his enjoyment is as perfect as his nature is capable of. In fact the ratio of food and labor is out of all proportion in favor of the negro, and will bear comparison with the most favored condition of the working classes which I have beheld in the south of France, and in various other parts of Europe.* Let us next examine your assertion, that "there is still a progressive decrease by mortality in most of our colonies." Now as Jamaica contains 350,000 slaves, or thereabouts, that is nearly half of the entire slave population of the

* Contrast this picture of the happy condition of the West India negroes before emancipation, with their squalid misery now.—[ED. OLD GUARD.

British West Indies, this island will afford no unfair criterion from which to draw a tolerably just conclusion as to the causes of this decrease. The deaths amongst the negroes here, are proportionably as few as occur in any part of the world in a population of the same extent. But the difference between the numbers in 1817 and 1820, the period of the latest returns, cannot be taken as a just estimate; for other causes than death swell the apparent decrease. The registry in 1817, was ill understood; many proprietors falsely conceiving that the slightest error in its prescribed form would involve the forfeiture of their estates; over-anxiety, therefore, produced many double returns; several persons holding property in trust gave in separate returns of the same negroes; similar errors occurred in the cases of joint proprietorship; and persons also having claims on negroes, though not in possession, returned them into the office, as well as the actual possessors. The apparent decrease, however, between these two years was but 13,000; what proportion may be attributed to the above duplicates it is difficult to say. Yet even if the whole number were an actual decrease, it would only be extraordinary that it were not greater; for in the latter period of the slave trade, abolished fifteen years since, a great proportion of the Africans were far advanced in life, and are now therefore rapidly decaying and falling off; the importation was also conducted without any regard to the apportionment of the sexes. Yet it must be confessed that the immorality of the negroes, the indiscriminate intercourse of the women, and their dis-

like of the restraints of parturition, have mainly caused the real deficiency, by obstructing their increase; consequently the decrease by age, and by the accidents of a tropical climate, endemial, epidemical, and contagious diseases, finds no equivalent in births. Another cause of apparent decrease, not usually adverted to, is the number of slaves daily manumitted: besides, in calculating the state of our population, the 30,000 or 40,000 free persons of color, descended immediately from slave parents, must be taken into the account. When therefore it is stated that there is actually expended annually in this island, a sum nearly approaching to £200,000 in medical attendance on the slaves alone, the unavoidable accidents which, at present, occasion a considerable decrease, cannot be imputed to the negligence of their owners. As well might the proverbial mortality which alarms the white visitor of these islands, be attributed to the negligence or cruelty of the British government which possesses them.

I think that it is in your eleventh page that you quote an act of the Barbadoes legislature, referring to the negro slaves, and reciting that "they being brutish slaves, deserve not, for the baseness of their condition, to be tried by the legal trial of twelve men of their peers." Now your only possible motive for raking up a record like this, which has been buried in oblivion these 135 years, must have been the hope that careless readers of a popular and exotic subject, might confound dates; and actually be led to conceive it the opinion held, and acted upon, at the present day, thus calculating

upon the odium and indignation which would be excited against our unfortunate planters, whose ruin you so calmly contemplate. The plain narrative of an unfortunate occurrence which recently took place in this island, will most effectually confute such an idea, should any one be so far imposed upon as to entertain it.

In the autumn of 1821, a negro slave, of the most infamous character, was, by three associated magistrates of the parish of Hanover, condemned to death for returning from transportation; which previous sentence had been humanely passed upon him for crimes which subjected him to capital punishment. By some error in judgment, however, these three magistrates did not call him before a jury of twelve men, but merely identified his person, and he was hanged. The instant such an omission was made known to the late Lieutenant-Governor, these three magistrates were superseded, disgraced, deprived of their various appointments, and indicted by the Attorney-General for wilful murder. In all these acts of degradation was included their custos, the Hon. Robert Oliver Vassall, a connexion of your noble friend, Lord Holland, and a gentleman of the most upright character and unblemished integrity; who was, in fact, a hundred miles off when this unfortunate occurrence took place; and was no further implicated than in having associated such incompetent magistrates. In the Spring assizes of the following year, the matter came to a hearing; the grand jury threw out the bill as it affected Mr. Vassall, and another of the magistrates; leaving the rest, however, to stand their trial.

They were acquitted; but, however hard the case, the anxiety with which negro life is here protected, forbade the reinstatement of any one of the four in that place of honor or emolument, which he had previously filled. Of course, all the interest which Mr. Vassall's friends possessed, was exercised to obtain the restitution of his honors; a year, however, elapsed, and it was not until the last few weeks that this object was effected, by express orders from his majesty's ministers. This lamentable transaction was speedily followed by an enactment of our local Legislature, taking the power of life and death out of the hands of the magistracy, and placing it in those of the Governor alone; a salutary measure, which will prove, beyond controversy, that the planters of Jamaica have always considered that boasted privilege of British freedom, a trial by jury, to be indispensably applicable to the most depraved negro slaves; and that new laws are continually made for their further protection.

I am borne out in the assertion that you have merely searched out this long-forgotten and degrading estimate of the negro race, for the purpose of exciting indignation against those to whom you attribute it, by what you state in the next page, where you quote Long's History of Jamaica, for the opinion that "an orangoutang husband would not be any dishonor to a Hottentot female;" and adduce that passage as a proof of what, you say "continue to be the practical effects of those opinions" at the present day. I must think, sir, that you omitted to read the context of the passage you cite; for I am unwilling to attribute your

inference to a wilful perversion of its meaning. If you will turn to, the 356th page of Long's second volume, you will find that author laboring in the science of comparative anatomy, to prove, what in his days was a very popular subject of controversy, that, as in the inanimate and inferior parts of the creation, so even up to man, there are conjoining links in the great chain of nature, the lowest of which, in the human species, seems to be the Hottentot.

He endeavors to prove, also, that the highest of what we esteem the brute creation, the orangoutang, is endowed with sense and reason, little inferior to that barbarous race. His former position is probably correct; and the latter, for aught we can prove to the contrary, may be so too. In enumerating the deficiencies of the former, and the endowments of the latter, he certainly elevates the one, while he does not seem unreasonably to depress the other; though he sportively draws, what he terms, a "ludicrous" conclusion in the words you quote; adding, "for what are these Hottentots? They are, say the most credible writers, a people certainly very stupid and brutal." Now this very harmless, and purely philosophical passage, which, by-the-bye, you apply very unfairly as it refers to the Hottentot, and not to the Guinea negro, you would cite as a proof that the exploded doubts to which Long alludes, still find advocates amongst the English settlers here; or, as you cautiously word it, that "the practical effects of these opinions" still continue. You surely might, with as much reason, turn to the magic pages of Baptist Porte, or to the

Chyromantia of Corvus, and thence draw an inference that we pursue these sciences, because we have scorpions to practice upon, or hands to consult. You seem, indeed, credulously inclined to go any length which may degrade the white population of these Western isles, on whose ruin you aspire to raise a black republic, similar to that of your unhappy foster-children in Hispaniola; and even such means as these you would marshal to your purpose! Our laws, sir, if you will read them, our habits, our religion, our common sense, will prove that your suspicions are erroneous, and your accusations unfounded, uncharitable, and unjust.

With respect to your well-meant arguments in favor of the admission of the slave's evidence, to prove the personal ill-treatment of his master, it is doubtless an object worthy of infinite pains to attain. Do not, therefore, conceive that you are singular in your philanthropic wishes; but be assured that you are joined, heart and hand, by the great body of colonists. Yet, sir, recollect the maxim of perhaps a better, certainly a less prejudicial political writer than yourself: "*Mais de quelque nature que soit l'Esclavage il faut que les Loix Civiles cherchent a en oter, d'un cote, les abus; et de l'autre les dangers.*" (*L'Esprit des Loix.*)

Previous to using the destructive engines of war, it is necessary to prove them, and before they are proved, a precautionary measure is taken, of raising a defence against the event of a possible explosion; so, sir, give us time to build up the sacred wall of Christianity between ourselves and an engine so powerful, and so highly charged with fear-

ful consequences, as that you would put into the hands of people yet little better than nominal Christians. According to your own account, the negroes here, as yet, know nothing of the precepts of Christianity; consequently can know nothing of the nature or obligation of an oath. Recollect they are numerically ten to one against the whites; and that, in their present state, they are only held in subjection, and prevented from immolating their masters, by this slight retention, which, if relaxed to their yet ignorant, and perhaps vindictive spirits, would give impetus to a fearful power, which must inevitably crush every white inhabitant of the British West Indies. Consider, sir, what would they not do to gain for themselves the independence, the bloody independence of St. Domingo, which you hold out to them as the reward of what you are pleased to call their servile sufferings;—if such could be obtained by the simple process of false swearing—to their present comprehensions a venial crime—we should sign our own death-warrants, in the first assizes which followed the premature admission of their evidence. Such admission must necessarily be accomplished by emancipation; and if you wish both to be unstained with atrocity, both must be preceded, at some distance, by the sacred banner of Christianity. Your very natural and humane anxiety to abolish the use of the whip, meets only the desire of every possessor of slaves; and by many of them it has been abolished. The tread-mill holds out a very excellent substitute, and probably your wishes, in that particular, you will find forestalled. Yet, as if you considered the lash

cruel and ignominious only when applied to the negro race, you seem to overlook its continuance in the army, navy, and courts of justice at home, where its use is infinitely more humiliating and severe. But your argument, that because the drivers are slaves, and usually the strongest of them, therefore their punishments and outrages are the more violent, certainly will not hold good in any point. They are not appointed on account of their strength, for they have no work to do, but merely as a reward for good conduct, and faithful services; and the very circumstances of their being slaves, liable to be reduced to the ranks by the representations of those under them, whose complaints it is the interest of the master to see redressed, must be a guarantee for their not abusing the temporary power confided to them. The frequent removal of these drivers at the instance of the working negroes, would, if you did not reside at such a distance as to forbid your acquaintance with the economy of a plantation, have rendered your observation on that point totally nugatory.

In page 17 of your "Appeal," you confidently make an assertion, which it happily falls peculiarly within my province to reply to, upon the authority of that character beneath which I claim credit for my affirmations. You state that "no attempts have been made to introduce among them," the negro slaves, "the Christian institution of marriage." Now, sir, this I positively contradict, by stating that I have myself married one hundred and eighty-seven couples of negro slaves, in my own parish, within the last two years, all

of whom were encouraged by their owners to marry; and that the anxious wish at present expressed by them to bind themselves by this sacred institution, we hail as one of the first fruits of the dispensation of Christian principles. In another parish, St. Thomas in the East, I have reason to know that there have been three times that number married during the incumbency of the present rector, Mr. Trew; and though not speaking from numerical information, I can safely affirm that the labors of the clergy, in the remaining nineteen parishes, have been equally active, and doubtless crowned with the same success. I therefore trust, sir, that your candor will induce you to acknowledge the untruth of what your want of charity towards the labors of our established clergy has led you blindly to assert.

Your next sweeping charge, which indeed, if true, would deservedly rouse indignation against us, is, that England "has been for two centuries detaining in a state of slavery beyond example rigorous, and in some particulars worse than pagan darkness and depravity, hundreds of thousands of their fellow-creatures;" "and in the same condition of ignorance and degradation they still," (you say,) for the most part remain."

When you attack a large body of your fellow-subjects, and charge them with offences which, if proved, would call down the just vengeance of Heaven, you should make your approaches under something more defensible than bare assertions, which have been repeatedly assailed and beaten down—you should ad-

duce something like proof—give some clue or reference to your readers, whose minds you design to work upon, that they may know where to look for that important information which you withhold. Las Casas, the great philanthropist, whose labors were, for fifty years, exclusively directed to the melioration of slavery in the West Indies, before he ventured to charge his fellow-countrymen with cruelty, made repeated voyages across the Atlantic, to inform himself correctly on the subject of their actual condition; unwilling, from hearsay evidence only, to cast imputations upon men who possibly might not deserve them; and thinking it not too much to sacrifice a life of ease and opulence to effect strict justice in the cause he undertook. His equity, and his impartial labors, though not crowned with all the success they so richly merited, yet obtained for him the gratifying title of "Protector of the Indians;" a meed of honorable fame which will attach to his name as long as the world exists; and he is, doubtless, now wearing a bright diadem of immortal glory, the reward of his upright philanthropy, and benevolent exertions in the cause of justice and OF TRUTH. You, Sir, doubtless, are actuated by the same humane motives, and hope for the same celestial rewards: but permit me to remind you that, you follow that great man at an immeasurable distance. Instead of endeavoring to gain the most satisfactory information, you sit calmly in your library, compose speeches, and write books, on countries you have never visited; on the imaginary condition of a race of people four thousand miles

from you ; and in defamation of fifty thousand of your countrymen, who are actually laboring with you in the same cause of humanity, though, from experience, with more circumspection ; content, it should seem, to gather the little information you possess from the disappointed or disgraced refugees of these traduced colonies.

I cannot suppose you ignorant of the code of slave laws, now in force, which, about four years ago, were collected into a volume of 192 pages, by Mr. Lunan, of Spanish Town, and published for the instruction of magistrates and masters here, and all those at home who conceived the negroes were unprotected, or treated in a manner "beyond example rigorous." If you have not read that volume as a legislator, you ought to have done so as an author, desirous of information, on the subject upon which he writes. In positive contradiction then of the dark sense which you would convey in the sweeping accusation I have quoted above, as to the rigours of West Indian slavery, I will extract from the index of that volume a few of the leading features of our laws, referring you to the work itself for further information.

"Abolition acts declared in force. Accessories in carrying slaves off the island punishable. — Africans not to be imported, nor held in slavery: mode of proceeding against offenders. Slaves to be fitted for baptism ; carrying off slaves, felony. Chains or weights, not to be put on slaves ; females having six children to be exempted from hard labor ; clothing to be as directed by justices and vestry, to whom yearly accounts must be given on oath ; cruel

whipping punishable ; dinner two hours allowed for ; diversions allowed, and regulated ; evidence of slaves good against Maroons, and against each other ; punishment for false evidence ; no slaves to be taken under execution, when goods are offered ; one day in each fortnight allowed to slaves, *besides Sundays* ; hours of working fixed. Increase of slaves encouraged ; inquests to be held on slaves ; levies of slaves, under certain circumstances, not to be removed ; meetings by night prohibited ; special sessions appointed to investigate claims of freedom ; stealing, or sending slaves off, how punishable ; traveling dealers in slaves prohibited ; slaves to be sold in families, under writs of venditioni ; white persons offering violence to slaves, how punishable ; manumission by will, valid," &c., &c., &c.

As to the "pagan darkness" of the negroes, though their progress certainly does not keep pace with our anxious wishes to see them in that state which would make it safe to confide ourselves to their estimation of a Christian oath, nor in that condition, which would render it advantageous to themselves to be trusted with the liberty of self-control, yet the promises of Christianity are so far understood, and its preliminary rites so ardently desired by them, that during my residence in this parish, I have actually baptized 9,413 negro slaves, many of whom attend church ; some have learned the Lord's Prayer, and Ten Commandments, and a few have so far advanced as to be now disseminating their little stock of religious knowledge on the estates to which they are attached. As I said before, I believe all my fellow-laborers have

been at least as assiduous as myself, and some more successful. I expect, therefore, that you, sitting by your own fire-side, four thousand miles off, will not refuse credit to this unanswerable fact, advanced by one who is on the spot, an actor in the deeds he records, and who has certainly the better means of forming a correct judgment on the point at issue.

I am not, it is true, one of "those excellent, though too commonly persecuted men," whom, in the quaint phraseology of your sectarian party, you denominate exclusively "Christian Missionaries" as if the ministers of our Established Church were not worthy of that distinguished name; but, sir, in the liberal sense of those words, I trust our regular Clergy here deserve that honorable title, at the least, as well as those to whom you apply it, who, under your peculiar auspices, have been sent to some of these islands from the theatre, or the workshop; and, though it may not suit your views to acknowledge the fact, I may, as a member of that Church whose labor all the world both applaud and profit by, be allowed to tell you, that the inculcation of confused sectarian doctrines on the uninformed mind of the perplexed heathens, is not the best, nor the most rapid method of impressing the divine image. The bright light of Christianity is obscured and sullied by controversy. Let the Established Clergy here do their duty, and although their number in this island be necessarily limited, and its proportion small to a flock of 350,000 souls, their progress, though consequently arduous, will be safer and more certain, than if a host of such men as you mean

by "Christian Missionaries," were to sow division and dissension amongst us.

In your 28th page you speak of the African practice of witchcraft, called *Obeah*; and referring to the laws which make the dreadful effects of that superstition punishable by death, you call it "folly" to attempt "rooting out pagan superstition by severity of punishment." Are you then so ignorant, sir, of the manners and customs of the people whose cause you profess to advocate, as not to know that *Obeah* and death are synonymous; that the latter is the invariable end and object of the former, and that this imported African superstition is widely different from the harmless tales of witches and broom-sticks, which once frightened you in the arms of your nursery-maid? Your feelings have probably been shocked, by stories of burning old women, for bewitching pigs, and swimming them, for assuming the shape of an hare; but are you now to be told that *Obeah* is a superstition dreadfully different from these fantasies; that it is, in fact, the practice of occult poisons; by which thousands have suffered in these islands, and which, though gradually giving way beneath the spreading influence of Christianity, must, nevertheless, in every proved case, be punished by human laws, as severe as those which attach to the convicted murderer in every land? But here your false philanthropy calls out against the authority of Scripture itself, merely because the murderer is an African, and the murdered perhaps a slave master! Have not the self-immolating superstitions of the Hindoo Juggernaut been attempted to

be restrained by severity of punishment? yet you were silent.

You proceed, in page twenty-nine, for the sole purpose, it would seem, of insinuating a reflection, and of casting an imputation on the inhabitants of this island in particular, to beg a question in these words: "It was strange if the Jamaica gentlemen were ignorant of the indubitable fact, that Christianity never failed to chase away these vain terrors of darkness and paganism." [F! Why, sir, for what purpose does the island of Jamaica annually

raise a fixed sum of £19,320 to pay her clergy, if they were ignorant of this? Would you, sir, take the trouble of looking at the clergy reports which have been repeatedly forwarded from this island to the Colonial Office, by order of Government, which reports, as well as those of our legislative bodies, must be within your legislative grasp, you would see distinctly detailed in all, among the benefits arising from the incipient diffusion of Christianity, this very important effect of baptism here.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE FAMOUS ROXBURGH CLUB DINNER.

THE Roxburgh Club dinners, which commenced in London in 1812, were among the most famous repasts of modern times. This notable Club may be said to have a literary origin, as it claims its foundation from the sale of the library of the Duke of Roxburgh, which lasted forty-one days. The Rev. T. F. Dibdin was the founder of the Club, in this manner: He suggested the propriety of holding a convivial meeting at St. Alban's tavern, after the sale of June 17th, upon which day was to be sold the rarest lot, "*III Decamerone di Boccaccio*," which brought *two thousand two hundred and sixty pounds* (\$11,300). The invitation was worded as follows: "The honor of your company is requested to dine with the Roxburgh dinner, on Wednesday, the 17th instant." At this first dinner

the number of guests was limited to twenty-four, which was extended to thirty-one at the second dinner. The President was Lord Spencer, and among the members were the Duke of Devonshire, the Marquis of Blandford, Lord Morpeth, Lord Gomer, Sir Mark Sykes, Sir Egerton Bridges, Baron Bolland, Rev. T. C. Heber, Sir Walter Scott, and Rev. Dr. Dibdin, who acted as Secretary. The object of this celebrated Club was the reprinting of rare and neglected pieces of ancient literature, but it is evident that the dinners of the Club were quite as important as the literature. Some curious details have been recorded of these famous entertainments, by Hazlewood, one of the members, in a manuscript entitled, "*Roxburgh Revels* ; or, *An Account of the Annual Displays, Culinary and Fes*

tivous, interspersed incidentally with Matters of Moment and Merri-ment." This manuscript was purchased by the editor of the *Athenæum* in 1833; and, among other interesting items, it was recorded that at the second dinner of the Club, when the Rev. Mr. Heber was in the chair, a few tarried so long that, "on arriving at home, the click of time bespoke a quarter of four." At these dinners the Rev. Mr. Dodd, one of the masters of the Westminster school, used to enliven the company with his ditties of Robin Hood. At the fourth annual dinner but twenty persons were present, and the bill amounted to fifty-seven pounds, or nearly three pounds (\$15) per man, and of this sum it appears that thirty-three pounds of the bill were for drink. At the anniversary of 1818 the Rev. Mr. Heber was still in the chair, and Rev. Dr. Carr and Rev. Dr. Dibdin were vice-chairmen. Although only fifteen sat down, they eat and drank so prodigiously, that Wordsworth says it was like "forty feeding like one." The bill for this dinner was eighty-five pounds, nine shillings and sixpence (\$437), or about twenty-seven dollars per man. The following is the bill of fare of this dinner :

FIRST COURSE.

TURTLE.

Turtle cutlets,	Turtle fin.
Turbot,	
Boiled chicken,	Ham,
Soutée of haddock,	Chartreuse,
Tendrons of lamb,	Fillets of whittings,
Tongue,	Roast chickens,
White bait,	Tricandean.
Cold roast beef.	

SECOND COURSE.

Haunches of venison.

THIRD COURSE.

Larded poult.

Tarts,	Cheese cakes,
Jelly,	Artichoke bottoms.
Roast quails,	Prawns,
Salade Italien,	Roast leveret,
	Creeme Italien.
	Peas.
Cabinet pudding,	Fruit,
	Roast goose.

And here follows the items of the solids and fluids which they devoured :

	£	s.	d.
Bread and beer.....	0	9	0
Dinners.....	7	7	0
Cheese and butter.....	0	7	0
Lemons.....	0	3	0
Strong beer.....	0	7	0
Madeira.....	3	3	0
Champagne.....	2	11	0
Saturne.....	1	4	0
Old Hoek.....	4	16	0
Burgundy.....	0	18	0
Silery Charparoul.....	0	16	0
Sherry.....	0	7	0
Hermitage.....	0	18	0
St. Perey.....	2	11	0
Old Port.....	2	7	0
Claret.....	11	4	0
Turtle punch.....	0	15	0
Wax lights.....	2	10	0
Dessert.....	6	6	0
Pine icecreams.....	1	16	0
Tea and coffee.....	1	8	0
Liqueurs.....	0	14	0
Two haunches of venison.....	10	10	0
Sweet sauce and dressing....	1	4	0
Fifty pounds of turtle.....	12	10	0
Dressing do.....	2	2	0
Ice for wine.....	0	6	0
Rose water.....	0	5	0
Soda water.....	0	12	0
Lemons and sugar.....	0	3	0
Broken glass.....	0	5	0
Servants' dinners.....	0	7	6
Waiters.....	1	0	0
	£85	7	6

It will be observed that thirty pounds of this sum were for drink, which, divided among the fifteen, was two pounds (\$10) per man. In

the account of this dinner by Hazlewood, it is said that "with men that meet to commune, that converse, and each willing to give and receive information, more could not be wanting to promote well-tempered conviviality; a social compound of mirth, wit and wisdom—combining all that Anacreon was famed for, tempered with the reason of Demosthenes, and intersected with the archness of Scaliger. It is true that we had not any Greek verses in praise of the grape, but we had as a tolerable substitute the ballad of the Bishop of Herford and Robin

Hood, sung by the Rev. Mr. Dodd, and it was of his own composing."

The same writer says of another dinner of this Club of great men: "Twenty-one members met joyfully, dined comfortably, challenged eagerly, tippled prettily, divided regretfully, and paid the bill most cheerfully." A most amiable picture, truly, of a party of knights, lords, earls, bishops, clergymen and wits dining together, and one which almost makes one sigh to think that it is too late now for him to receive an invitation to dine with such good company.



HOW THE LABORING MAN IS TAXED.

THE "best government the world ever saw" now taxes you laboring men for—

The hat on your head,
 The boots on your feet,
 The clothes on your person,
 The food you eat,
 The tea and coffee you drink,
 The pot it is cooked in,
 The cup you drink it out of,
 The implements on your farm,
 The tools you work with,
 The paper you write on,
 The pen and ink you use,
 The papers and books that you read,
 The furniture in your house,
 The gas or oil you burn,
 The coal you consume,
 The stove you burn it in,
 The match you light it with,
 The medicine you take,
 The tobacco you smoke,
 The pipe you smoke it in,
 The dishes on your table,
 All you eat off them.

INFLUENCE OF THE INFIDEL WRITERS OF FRANCE IN THE
EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

[A SKETCH FROM THE FRENCH OF DE LOISNE.]

UP to the time of Louis the Fourteenth, writers had exercised no influence in France ; but when they were seen at Versailles in the midst of the nobility, hastening with dukes and peers to the levee of the great king, assisting at all his fetes, accompanying him to his country seats, riding even in his carriages ; when they learnt in what esteem and honor they were held, and what was their power ; when they knew that they could with impunity attack the vices and follies of the great, and censure their irregularities even at the steps of the throne, then curiosity became general. They wished to read those illustrious favorites of the king, and they found that these favorites were men of genius. The astonishment was great, profound. It seemed as if the nation had suddenly been roused from the intellectual lethargic slumber into which it had fallen since the time of the Valois. She found an infinite enjoyment in those readings. There arose in the provinces as in Paris, intellectual reunions, where they read, discussed, and gravely weighed the most frivolous things with gravity, and the gravest things with levity. They put themselves into communication with the great writers in Paris ; they sought to

know, to interrogate, and consult on everything ; they became the oracle of the provinces. Their successors took care not to lose this valuable influence. During the whole of the eighteenth century, the *salons* were renewed, and held by the most charming women, and then each writer came in turn to say a clever thing, to sustain a paradox, to read fragments of a work, or to discuss the most delicate questions on society, religion, or politics.

Hence sprang intellectual centralization. All France was in Paris. What does Paris say—what is doing in Paris? . . . Not a fool who believed himself a genius, but set out for the capital with his small collection of luggage, his tales and his verses, certain to die, like Gilbert or Malfilatre, in the hospital. Not an Utopian but took the dream of his diseased brain there ; not an inventor, a financier, a quack, a charlatan, but tried the experiments of his system there, and found his bigoted followers.

The tendency of the mind is a paradox, the beaten path is ever disdained, and it seems that the honors which surround them, and the eulogies, exaggerated to ridicule, of which they were the object, turned these writers giddy. They openly

proclaimed the reign of human reason ; poor reason ! * * * They rejected as a miserable superstition, religious belief, they called Christ infamous, they sapped all the foundations of society, they shook all conviction, tarnished the purest conscience with their doubts and obscenities ; they wrote the most infamous books that ever man dared to write ; did not their master, Voltaire, commit the odious, horrible crime, the poem of *La Pucelle* ? Shall I name Piron, whose verses are in the recollection of all ? Shall I cite the tales and romances which were found in every boudoir ? The *Sypha* of Crebellon ; the *Sultan Mirzapouf*, of the Abbe de Voisenon ; *les Bijoux indiscrets*, of Diderot ; *les Liaisons dangereuses*, of Choderlos de Laclos ; *Faust*, by Louvet, etc. ? Shall I say how this knot of impure, immodest courtizans, and noble ladies trailing their honors in the most obscene debaucheries, of great nobles trumpeting their vices, and of ridiculous financiers—shall I say how royally they ruled, all these *beaux esprits* and writers of the 18th century ?

The corruption was profound, shameless and avowed. Whoever wished to appear as a gentleman, a man of fashion, a man of taste and spirit, published it openly. Royalty in the person of Louis the Fifteenth, became degraded, the nobility lost their prestige, and the people with their faith lost all respect for divine or human institutions.

Even, as in a time of pestilence, the most robust succumb for a while to the malign influence of the prevailing malady, so in the 18th century, the purest minds were tarnish-

ed by the moral corruption which attacked all and penetrated even to the remotest parts of France. All dispositions were enervated, the most brilliant qualities of the French nation were tarnished. The ignominy of our diplomacy was effaced by the shame of our defeats in the battle fields of Germany. There remained no virility in anything but wit. When in his avocations a workman makes sole and constant use of one of his limbs, that limb to some extent acquires greater strength at the expense of the others which waste in proportion. Thus it happened in France. Wit was developed beyond measure. The sense of the true, of the beautiful and good was weakened, our diplomacy was humiliated, our navy lost, our armies were destroyed, but political was replaced by literary influence. Voltaire was not only the real king of France, he was also king of Europe. Ferney became a European Court. Every sovereign sought the honor of corresponding with the redoubtable writer who had elevated wit to the height of genius.

The revolutionists carried the corpse of Voltaire in triumph to the Pantheon. They comprehended that this man, who during his life had unceasingly attacked the Christian religion (I do not mean Catholicism only), and who destroyed faith in France, had been, notwithstanding his contempt for the people, the most powerful promoter of social revolutions. When the bad passions of cupidity, envy, jealousy and pride, are not restrained by the fear and love of God, they very soon break all social conventions and all political constitutions.

The revolution in England in 1649, did not shake the fundamental basis of society ; it did not cover the land with scaffolds, or leave behind it the weeds of discord and social hatred. The revolution of 1649 was, undoubtedly, originated and effected by fanatical, wild sectaries ; but they were men who respected God, and whose sole error was exaggerating to absurdity, and badly understanding the teaching of the Bible and the precepts of Christ. In France, our revolution of 1789, prepared by impious cynical writers, had led rapidly, not only to 1793, but to the theories of Babeuf, to the Goddess of Reason, and the absolute incredulity of the inferior

classes of society in matters of religion and in social principles. The revolution of 1830, which some have attempted to compare with that of 1689, commenced by closing a great number of religious houses, by the removal of the crosses from the churches, the sacking of the palace of the Archbishop of Paris, and by compelling the priests to cease wearing their vestments to escape the insults of the people. The revolution of 1689, on the contrary, had saved, strengthened and increased the authority of the Anglican religion ; like that of 1649, it had one motive, a religious aim, it had strengthened the wavering faith in every heart.

THE GOLDEN SIDE.

There is many a rose in the road of life,
 If we would only stop to take it ;
 And many a tone from the better land,
 If the querulous heart would make it ;
 To the sunny soul that is full of hope,
 And whose beautiful trust ne'er faileth,
 The grass is green and the flowers are bright,
 Though the winter storm prevaleth.

Better to hope, though the clouds hang low,
 And to keep the eyes still lifted ;
 For the sweet blue sky will still peep through
 When the ominous clouds are rifted !
 There never was a night without a day,
 Or an evening without a morning ;
 And the darkest hour, as the proverb goes,
 Is the hour before the dawning.

There is many a gem in the path of life,
 Which we pass in our idle pleasure,
 That is richer far than the jeweled crown,
 Or the miser's hoarded treasure ;
 It may be the love of a little child,
 Or a mother's prayers to Heaven,
 Or only a beggar's grateful thanks
 For a cup of water given.

OUR BOOK TABLE.

OF the clever series of the popular treatises on scientific subjects translated from the French, and to be issued by rival publishers, two are already before the public, and two that are likely to whet the appetite for more. Of these, M. Marion's work* will be the most popular, treating as it does on those parts of the science of optics, which are apt to please the general reader, and which more especially afford children almost endless delight. The essay upon the Phenomena of Vision, comprising the first part, is sufficiently clear and elaborate; and as much may be said in favor of the second part, which treats upon the Laws of Light. But it is the third part, upon Natural Magic, which explains clearly the Magic Lantern, the Phantasmagoria, the Properties of Mirrors, the Polyrama, Diorama, and Dissolving Views, the Stereoscope and Spectroscope, Pepper's famous Ghost Trick, and the many optical illusions with which charlatans used to bewilder and delude, but which now are used in mere demonstration of known laws—it is in this more entertaining part that the main charm of the work consists. In the little volume of de Fonvielle on Thunder and Lightning,† we have a treatise on electrical phenomena, which though less attractive in title, will hold the reader with more force than the other work. For the author does not alone give the more salient points of his subject; he goes somewhat deeper, and displays a great amount of learning, giving the latest discoveries and the most recent observations of the learned. And he has a happy faculty of doing this in such a way that the essay is devoid of many of those formida-

ble technicalities, which in works of more pretension deter the ordinary reader from their perusal. In both of these books the engravings are admirable in execution, and sufficient in number. Without being so many as to turn the volumes into mere picture books, there are enough to add materially to the attraction of each work, and to increase its interest. The only improvement we can suggest in regard to these engravings is that they should each have a reference at the foot to the proper page on the text. To such of our readers as desire to give the juvenile members of their family great pleasure mingled with instruction, we can recommend cordially the purchase of these clever volumes.

The new work upon Lord Byron, properly attributed to the Countess Guiccioli,* is one calculated to create a sensation, and to maintain its position in the field of letters. In most respects, its plan of composition is a judicious one, though its title is a misnomer. It treats upon his Religious Opinions, Friendships, Qualities of Heart, Benevolence and Kindness, Virtues of Soul, Courtesy, Courage, Fortitude, Modesty, Faults, Irritability, Mobility, Misanthropy, Pride, Vanity, Gayety, Melancholy, his devotion to Truth, his Generosity elevated into Heroism, and his Marriage and its Consequences. Instead of depending upon the memory of the author for personal traits under her own observation, it abounds in frequent and clever citations from men and women of his time, both friends and enemies, and by quotations which often contain admissions in his favor even against the position of the party quoted from. The work becomes an adroit, and in most respects, masterly vindication of Byron from his assailants. It gives us

* *Wonder of Optics.* By F. Marion. Translated by Charles W. Quin, F. C. S. New York: Charles Scribner & Co. 18mo., pp. 248. *Seventy-one engravings.*

† *Thunder and Lightning.* By W. de Fonvielle. Translated by T. L. Phipson, Ph. D.; F. C. S., &c. New York: Charles Scribner & Co. 18mo., pp. 216. *Thirty-nine engravings.*

* *My Recollections of Lord Byron; and Those of Eye Witnesses of his Life.* New York: Harper & Brothers, 18mo., pp. 670.

a fair and generally a just picture of an extraordinary man—of a poet whom the world would not be content for a time to judge as a poet alone, and it brings him safely from the extraordinary test to which he has been for years subjected. That the brutal phrase—"a thing of gin and sublimity"—could not justly be applied to him, the book makes evident enough; though the phrase had no power except among those whose minds were as vulgar as that of the wretch who originated it. While we recommend the matter of the book, we are sorry that we can not say as much for the manner in which it is given to the public. The type and binding are neat, and even elegant, but the paper is too thin for a work that is meant for after reference as well as the perusal of the hour.

The adherents of the doctrine of Evolution have an opportunity of possessing the master work of their great apostle, Herbert Spencer, in cheap and elegant form—its publication in paper parts having been commenced by one of our leading publishing firms.* Laugel, himself one of the master minds of the day, styles Spencer "The Last of the English Metaphysicians." Taken from his stand-point, he seems to be the last, in the sense that he has almost exhausted the subject. Differing with his contemporaries in material points, he has had to contend with a fierce and strong opposition, with bitter and unscrupulous foes, and with men, who though less acute thinkers than himself, and less in possession of varied knowledge, yet had the vantage-ground of public confidence. To the contest he brings profound knowledge, great genius, and complete knowledge of his premises. We are not of his school. We do not believe in his creed. We think that all researches into mental phenomena thus far have been conducted in the wrong spirit, and that inquirers have not pursued the proper method of investigation. But Mr. Spencer has come nearer to the true mode of pursuing the study than those before him. He has endeavored to begin at the beginning. His Data are indisputable. But to examine his system in detail now,

at this point, would be idle. He has won at least attention from thinkers, and a place in the library with Comte and others who have distinguished themselves by acute thinking and bold expression. We may commend this first part to the attention of students who have not yet mastered his system, and advise them to digest this part thoroughly before the rest appears.

The researches of modern ethnologists have proven beyond doubt that history is little more than the narrative of races that exist, and that there came before them not merely nations, but varieties of the white race, who were possessors of a high, if not the highest degree of civilization, and of whom we can only learn by their mute monuments. An attempt to systematize the knowledge thus obtained, has been made by a recent writer, and he has thus written a work of more than ordinary interest.* Its sole defect is that it confines itself to the Eastern Hemispheres, and that it deals in a slight way with the pre-historic remains scattered over the Western Continents, but found in the greatest number in their tropical and torrid zones. The manner, however, in which the author has collected facts is creditable to his industry. When he attempts to reason from those facts to sustain certain views about equality of races, his deductions do no credit to his intellect. He confounds variety with species—ignores the fact that the races of which he speaks were only varieties of one species, not diverse species of a genus—that the negro, displaying equal difference in his varieties, in none of them has the endowments of that superior stock of men with whom civilization begins and never stops. But the speculations of Mr. Baldwin can do little mischief. They carry with them their own refutation. They are inconsistent with the facts and themselves. The rest of the book is too valuable to the general reader, who has no leisure to go into the subject deeper, to allow us to reject it, because being purely of fact in the beginning, it has a mixture of Baldwin and fact at the end.

* The Principles of Psychology. Part I. The Data of Psychology. By Herbert Spencer. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 8vo., pp. 142. Paper.

* Pre-Historic Nations; or, Some Inquiry into the Great Peoples and Civilizations of Antiquity, and their Probable Relation to a Still Older Civilization of the Ethnopsians or Cushites of Arabia. By John D. Baldwin. A. M. New York: Harper & Brothers. 16mo., pp. 414.

The novels of the month are not many, yet they are clever enough in their way. Louisa Muehlbach gives in her last,* a personal and not a historical romance, sentimental and semi-sensational, in which she contrasts the life of two sisters—one, thoroughly wicked and varnished over with apparent virtue; the other, thoroughly pure, but covered by slander with infamy. The result is the triumph of all the bad people in the book, and the utter ruin of all the good—a result not impossible, it is true, but not common even in actual life. Why such an improbable result should be brought into a romance, we do not know; but certainly Miss Muehlbach has thereby given us a very unique literary performance. Anthony Trollope, who seems to be getting as fecund of novels as was the late G. P. R. James, gives us a story in which he lays bare much of the machinery of English political life,† and a very amusing exposition he makes of it. His hero, a young Irish Member of Parliament, is by no means an attractive person, being selfish, weak, and with not too much moral principle—perhaps we might say, without any at all. But he is, in common with the other characters, drawn with great skill and faithfulness; and though we take sufficient interest in his fortune to be glad that he becomes “married and settled,” we condole with his wife. Beside these, we have another volume of the handsome, cheap edition of Scott’s Novels, which we have commended before, in cloth, and one of the same series, in a paper cover.‡ The issue of the Marryatt Novels is also concluded with “Percival Keene.”

One of the funniest little *brochures* that has been out for some time is a German-English lyric of Leland, wherein the well-known Hans Breitmann, formerly of the cavalry, introduces a new element into war—the velocipede. His mishaps on his

experimental trip are given in a pathetic way, that draws tears more effectually from the eyes than a double dose of *Succus Allii recentis*. The book is very little, but there is a deal in it.*

We have been without good year-books—annual records of the progress of affairs in this country—from the very beginning. The *American Almanac* was the first really fair attempt to supply this void, and maintained itself for many years. It died, at length. The *Tribune Almanac*, and later the *Democratic Almanac*, supplied in a creditable way one part of the want, and continue to flourish, each increasing in prosperity from year to year. On a larger scale, we have a new work, by a Hartford firm, which is bulkier, much costlier, and in some respects better than any former attempt.† It certainly gives, in 824 closely printed pages, an amount of information well worth the money it costs. It presents, beside a very thorough almanac proper, a clear view of the area, population, government, finances, resources, and substantial progress of all the countries in the world, the United States, as a matter of course, at the head. Yet it is by no means perfect. There are some apparently minor, but nevertheless important errors—almost inevitable in a first edition of a work of this kind. The election statistics are not altogether correct, being arranged upon the old and false principles; but in this respect other compilations have no advantage, as they run in the same groove. There are some essays, severally on Agriculture, Mining, Currency and Finance, and Literature and Literary Influences of the Day, that might have been omitted with manifest advantage. Setting aside their partisan tone, these may be classed in this way—Mining, by Richardson, weak; Literature, by Duyckinck, weaker; Agriculture, by Meeker, weakest; and Curren-

* Two Life Paths; a Romance. By L. Muehlbach. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Imp. 8vo, pp. 157. Paper.

† Phineas Finn, the Irish Member; a Novel. By Anthony Trollope. New York: Harper & Brothers. Imp. 8vo, pp. 235.

‡ The Waverley Novels. By Sir Walter Scott, Bart. The Pride of Lammermoor—The Abbot—The Betrothed—Peveril of the Peak. Illustrated with steel and wood engravings. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Royal 8vo pp. 134, 184, 213, 263.

Aune of Gelestein; a Romance. By Sir Walter Scott, Bart. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Royal 8vo, pp. 202. Paper.

* Hans Breitmann und his Philosopede. By Chas. G. Leland. Illustrated by Frank Beard. New York: Jesse Haney & Co. 16mo, pp. 22. Paper.

† The American Year-Book and National Register for 1869. Astronomical, Historical, Political, Financial, Commercial, Agricultural, Educational and Religious. A General View of the United States, including every Department of the National and State Governments; Together with a brief account of Foreign States. Edited by David N. Camp. Vol. I. Hartford: O. D. Case & Company. Royal 8vo, pp. 824.

cy and Finance, by Horace Greeley, bosh. Still, though far enough behind the German Almanacs, those capital summaries of annual progress, the book is one of merit, and almost indispensable to the student, politician and journalist.

Mr. Genio L. Scott seems to have two points of ambition—one, to be the first designer of masculine costume of the time; the other, to be considered among the recognized authorities in the piscatorial art. We use this array of learned words, because nothing less would do justice to the nature of Mr. Scott's pretensions, and his manner of urging his claims. The aim of man's existence, according to Mr. Scott's ideas, seems to be to dress well and to catch fish. To aid in achieving this last requisite of perfect humanity, Mr. Scott appears before us in a new book upon fishes and fishing, designed particularly and patriotically for home use.* In this he gives us a good deal of information, sometimes new, and generally trustworthy, on the scaly denizens of bays, lakes and rivers in the United States, their appearance, habits, and merit for the frying-pan, and the most approved methods of bringing them safely to dry land. The first part of the book is about particular fishes and particular modes of fishing; the second gives a fair summary of what is doing and has been done in the way of fish-culture; and in the third the author airs his knowledge of all that part of natural history, in which fishes are concerned. All this is illustrated with engravings that are cleverly designed, beautifully engraved, and admirably transferred to paper. That much can be fairly said in commendation. But the book has some rather serious faults. The author, in his endeavor to be chatty in his style, slides off sometimes into flippancy, and at times displays a fondness for "words of learned length and thundering sound." The good old word "muskalunge," applied to the huge pike of the Western and Southern tributaries of the Mississippi, he converts into the jaw-breaker; *makinonge*, deriving

it from the Ojibwa (*vulgo dictum*, Chippe-way,) word, *maskanon-jä*; and he informs us gravely that "the estuary catfish is an oviparous abdominal, and one of the recent visitants to our coasts and estuaries from the Bahama banks." But this last-named is by no means new. It is the ordinary white catfish of the sea, which annually in July resorts to our rivers to spawn. When the dam was thrown across the Schuylkill river, years ago, thousands of the young fish were intercepted in their descent to the sea. As they breed equally well in fresh or salt water, there they have remained, and "Schuylkill catfish"—quite another thing from the catfish of the West, or the "bull-pout" of the East, stand next to reed-birds and soft-shell crabs, in the estimation of the Philadelphia epicure. Nor is Mr. Scott as full as he might be. Thus, in his remarks upon the black bass, he omits to give us anything of the habits of *centrarchus nigricans*—one of the most pikey fishes of the West, worthy the attention of any angler. His mode of fixing live bait, at pages 297 and 300, is unwisely cruel, and makes one almost transfer the philippic of Byron against Isaak Walton to our author. Game fishes almost invariably seize their prey head foremost, or if not, take it entire at a gulp. It answers all purposes to insert the hook in the gill-covers, where the fish does not feel it, without impaling the unfortunate shiner. We have returned live bait to the river substantially uninjured after having been on the hook, and caught the same fellow for our bait-pan the following day, when he brought us a four pound return. When used for trolling, there is no necessity for live bait at all; and for still fishing in those deep holes in which the muskalunge, pike, perch, and black bass love to lie, the mode we use gives the fish his natural motion in the water, and ensures success nine times out of ten. But to go back to Mr. Scott and his book. Mr. Scott is undoubtedly a very energetic and accomplished fisherman, and his book a necessary guide to the novice, and a useful companion to the expert, on the annual fishing-tour which is fast becoming fashionable with Young America—and his wife.

* Fishing in American Waters. By Genio L. Scott. New York: Harper & Brothers. 12mo., pp. 434. One hundred and seventy engravings.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

—The *Biblical Repository and Princeton Review*, edited by two Doctors of Divinity, Rev. Charles Hodge, and Rev. Lyman H. Atwater, has an elaborate and most pretentious article assailing Agassiz on Processes of Creation, which is full of misstatements and blunders in science and history, as gross as the following: "Agassiz asks, 'Why should not different races of men have originally spoken distinct languages, as they do at present, differing in the same proportion as their organs of speech are variously modified?' To which philologists reply that the organs of speech are not variously modified according to the different languages, nor modified at all. No anatomist has ever detected any modification of vocal organs among men." Now what have the people to rely upon when men of such high character make statements so wild and so utterly false? This modification of the vocal organs in different races is well known to every comparative anatomist who has ever written on the subject. Dr. Gibb, in a lecture two years ago, before the British Association for the Advancement of Science, pointed out the specific muscular formations in the negro's organs of voice, on which the difference in his vocal sounds depends. He showed that the *larynx* in the negro is an entirely different shaped organ from that in the white man. His language is: "The essential point of difference between the *larynx* of the negro and white man consists in the invariable presence in the negro of the cartilages Wiesburg, the oblique or shelving position of the ventricles of Morgagni. Any one familiar with the dissection of the *larynx* in ourselves, cannot but perceive that these peculiarities are not observable. These cartilages are either very minute or wholly wanting in the white race, while they are large and well-developed, and always present in the black race.

It may be mentioned also, that I have seen them in monkeys, in whom, even in the smallest species, they are relatively large, in comparison to the size of their bodies; and with the view of attracting attention to them in the quadrumana, I exhibited specimens before the Pathological Society of London, in March, 1861, three and a half years ago." Dr. Hunt says: "There is a peculiarity in the negro voice, by which he can always be distinguished. This peculiarity is so great that we can frequently discover traces of negro blood when the eye is unable to detect it. No amount of education or time is likely to enable the negro to speak the English language without this twang. Even his great faculty of imitation will not do it." But we shall not multiply authorities on this point, since the fact is well known to all scientific anthropologists, and has been affirmed by every comparative anatomist who has written on the subject. We call attention to this subject for the purpose of showing what brazen falsehoods are resorted to by men of reputed piety, for the purpose of sustaining a theory about human unity which is now refuted by a hundred scientific demonstrations, that are no longer disputed by men of real learning and candor. If space allowed, we could point out at least fifteen gross misstatements, as flagrant as the one already named in the article in the *Biblical Repository and Princeton Review*. We do not imagine that Professor Agassiz will take any notice of an attack supported by such gross misstatements and ignorance.

—Senator Sprague, of Rhode Island, who has fully kept up his end of the galling yoke of "loyalty" hitherto, seems to have wearied of the slavish service, and rebels in a speech in the Senate, which does more credit to him than can, we think, be claimed by any other member of that body. Al-

though a "Republican" of the straightest sort, he has, in two or three late speeches, arraigned his party with a force and courage which has not been equalled by any Democratic member of that body. Among other brave things which he says, is the following: "In our late war there was not one virtuous or high-toned principle animating the contestants. It was nothing but a struggle for place and power, commencing here in this body, and permeating throughout the country." He tells his associates that "there was not one virtuous or high-toned principle animating" the hearts of those who conducted the war. It is a terrible truth which falls upon the naked head of Lincoln and all the rest of the cruel murderers who waged the war. It falls upon General Grant's head; but he will not probably feel it, thanks to his superhuman stupidity. But the Senator from Rhode Island gives a picture of the furious despotism of the Senate, in language that is enough to give one of those fiery spirits the head-ache, if he has any blood in his veins capable of blushing. He says: "So concentrated were its power and influence, that I would rather have stormed a triple line of bayonets or a park of artillery in full play, than have stood up here and opposed any of the measures of the majority, as any one who pretended to do so was hounded and hunted down." The two last speeches of Senator Sprague have been worth more to the Democratic party and to the country, than all the speeches which the Democratic members have made since the beginning of the war.

—The Rev. Mr. Williamson, an Episcopal preacher of Wilkesbarre, Pa., has attempted to reply to some portions of the historical parts of Mr. Burr's lectures on The Different Species of Men. But he does not attempt to assail the scientific facts, and concedes the plurality of human species. That will do. For the man who concedes the plurality of human species, and yet finds fault with the historical facts which alone could be compatible with that doctrine, has to thank the shallowness of his own brain. Had the Reverend gentleman evinced either a spirit of candor or justice, we should be less severe on his misfortune; but when clergymen have nothing but their own ignorance and impudence to bring into the field of controversy, we do

not feel under any obligation to extend to them a forbearance which they show themselves incapable of appreciating. There is a homely, but very just saying, that "the shoemaker better stick to his last." Which, being interpreted, means that the minister, who is totally unstudied in science, and unread in history, better stick to his sermons, that is, if he can find any body possessing the patience and endurance to listen to him.

—In Pitstown, Rensselaer County, N.Y., there is a tombstone with the following inscription: "Ruth Sprague, daughter of Gibson and Elizabeth Sprague, died January 11th, 1846, aged nine years, four months and five days. She was stolen from the grave by Thomas L. Shaw, and dissected by Dr. Roger B. Wilson, in Hoo-saic, New York, from which her mutilated remains were obtained and deposited here.

Her body dissected by fiendish man;

Her bones anatomized;

Her soul, we trust, has risen to God,

Where few physicians rise."

—The editor of a religious paper says, "neither we, nor anybody else ever heard of the idea that there were men created before Adam, until in these modern times of sceptical science." He had better speak for himself and nobody else. We can show him a book of the following title: "Men Before Adam; or a Discourse upon the 12th, 13th, and 14th verses of the 5th chapter of the Epistle of the Apostle Paul to the Romans. By which is proved that the first men were created before Adam. By Isaac la Perjere, a Protestant writer of Bordeaux. London: 1656." This work was first printed under the title of "*Præadamitæ*." And we could, if we were not afraid of scaring the Reverend gentleman, refer him to hundreds of learned authors who do not believe that Adam was the first man created. We could even show him that no passage of Scripture affirms that Adam was the first man created. And that many of the most learned orthodox clergy of America and Europe do not believe that Adam was the first man created. But we will stop, in pity to our cotemporary, lest we deprive him of the sweet refreshment of sleep. The man who, under the present lights of science, believes that Adam was the first man created, ought to believe that the

world is flat, and that the sun revolves around it. The Bible only claims that Adam was the first of a particular race; and the narration of Adam shows that there were other men before him. We are certain that we have, in our lectures on the Races of Men, proved this to the satisfaction of hundreds of the most learned clergy in America.

—A Mrs. Livermore, of Chicago, one of the *Sorosis* of that model domestic city, says, that "the difference between the sexes is in the *polarity* and *centrifugality*." We confess that we do not know what the woman means, and we will not inquire.

—The following is the latest edict for the (once) State of Mississippi, and there is one like it for Virginia :

"All civil offices in this district which have been held by persons whose legal disabilities have not been removed, and who cannot take the oath prescribed by act of Congress of July 2, 1862, are vacant."

The real "legal disabilities" is a white skin and a heart to match. "The oath prescribed by act of Congress" to control voting in a State sounds sufficiently horrid to every American who has preserved in his memory even a legend of this government as it was formed by our fathers. We know of but one sure remedy for all these *negroid* rules, and that is for the honest, patriotic masses of true white men to organize, (secretly if they must,) and bind themselves by an oath which the Almighty will have registered in heaven, to cut the throat of every scoundrel who attempts to take away voting from white men and give it to negroes, or to force white men to vote with negroes against their will. If the present generation possessed any fraction of the pluck of the generation which established this government, this righteous work would have been finished long ago. There is nothing which a white man may not do to maintain his liberty, and preserve the purity of the blood of his race.

—A man by the name of John D. Baldwin has just written a work entitled *Pre-Historic Nations*, which, with some good things scratched up from sources well known to all well-read people, has a great many blunders of the absurdest character, as witness the following: "In the first place, it must be said that for a long time

there has been quite too much exaggeration and extravagant over-statements relative to the assumed natural inferiority and degradation of the negro race in Africa. The negroes are chiefly on the Western Coast, where for ages they have felt the savage influence of slave-traders. Debasement could not fail to be the result; and yet, in the portrayals of the most unscrupulous blackguard that has ever written in the interest of slave-traders, we can see that the negroes of the Guinea Coast are nowise inferior to any other population of the country where this brutalizing influence has controlled all intercourse between the natives and Europeans." Now, the intelligent and candid reader must judge who is the "blackguard," this man Baldwin, or those whom he denounces with such childish malice, when we state the fact that there was "slavery" among these negroes long before a "slave-pen" was ever built upon the coast. When the white man first discovered them, they were slaves at home, slaves to brutal, savage owners. At the lowest estimate which has ever been made, of the 50,000,000 of negroes in Africa, 40,000,000 were slaves. They were so when the white man first placed his foot upon their shores. So far from the foreign slave trade having debased these negroes, it has actually benefitted them, by introducing arts and comforts before unknown among them. This is not, so far as we know, disputed by any intelligent person of candor and truth who has investigated the subject. But our unknown author Baldwin pronounces all men "blackguards" who are not as mad as himself about negroes.

—An exchange says: "Nothing loves company so much as misery." We think some young ladies are a *match* for it.

—The Cincinnati *Daily Inquirer* has a notice of THE OLD GUARD which evinces considerable scholarship in relation to the bearings of the New Testament upon the doctrine of plurality of human species. We rejoice to perceive that journalists of ability are directing their attention to this vital question. It, perhaps, touches the future of our civilization on a tenderer spot than any other. On no other subject does the public so much need enlightening.

—An eminent speaker in this city, in a late discourse remarked, that "not one of

the ancient heathen philosophers had any conception that mankind were created by Almighty God." Yes, a whole sect, the *Stoics*, believed and taught just that. Their faith on this subject varied but little from the account of man's creation delivered by Moses. A clergyman has no right to be ignorant on this subject, and it is an ill-defense of pure religion to mislead the people upon this point.

—Hannah Tyler, a female clerk in the Treasury Department at Washington, writes a letter to the *Independent*, exposing the most shameless debauchery and incompetency among the female clerks in all the departments of the Government. She says that these women are generally the mistresses of members of Congress, whose influence procured them their situations. We suppose that this thing has been well enough understood before, but coming in this official shape, it is worth a place in *THE OLD GUARD*, where it will be preserved for future reference, to be used when the history of these times shall be fairly written. The people of the United States not only have to pay these Congressmen \$5,000 a year, and find them in soap, lemons, combs, tooth-picks, and tweezers besides, but they have also to provide them with *female favorites* to reconcile them to being so long a time absent from their families on the "public business." Self-sacrificing creatures!

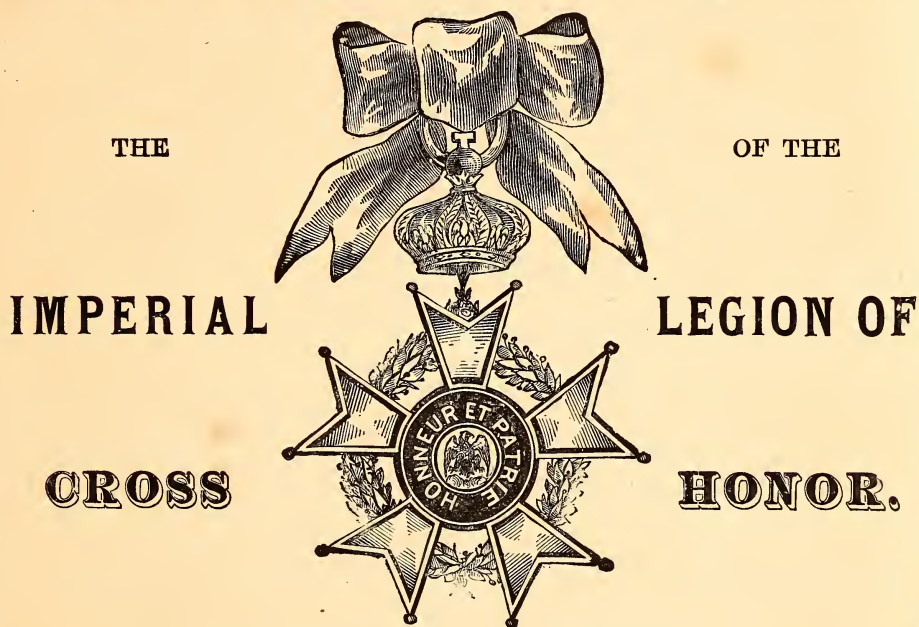
—A lady writes: "From some remarks in your *OLD GUARD*, I am led to infer that you do not believe in Phrenology—is this so?" If by *Phrenology* is meant *bump-ology*, as practiced by the roving mountebanks who lecture on what they call Phrenology, we certainly do not believe in it, nor do we know of any man of respectable information on the subject who does. The fact is, there are no indentations on the inner surface of the skull corresponding to the "bumps" on the outside. These external prominences which the phrenologists feel of to determine the character of the vic-

tim, are simply *aseous* in their character. That settles the business for bump-ology, or phrenology, as the poor abused word is now used by empirics.

—The Marion (Alabama) *Commonwealth* makes the following appeal to all cowardized Southern men: "Until you can act the man, be ashamed of yourselves every time you look your poor wives and beggared children in the face." The men of the South may make up their minds that the party men in power will heap upon them every pound which the will bear. To yield now is to give up forever. But to stand up erect now in a self-respecting and unflinching manhood, is to lay deep the foundations of a final complete victory over the Mongrel party. There is a resistless tide setting in here in the North for a pure white man's party—a party which will ignore all former divisions, and form a *white man's* party, embracing all the honorable white men of the Republican party, and all the rank and file of the old Democratic party—leaving the venal and trading so-called leaders wallowing alone in the mire and filth of mere spoils. The next two years will see such a breaking up of the hard incrustation of what may be called *spoils politics*, that both of the parties as now organized will begin to assume historical features—that is, if the Democratic party, as now organized, does not take this negro-voting business straight by the throat, with the determination to make an end of it, at whatever cost of life and treasure. There are now, even in New England, thousands of young men, who were formerly all the brains and respectability of the Loyal League, quietly but determinedly striking palms with the best young men of the Democratic party, and laying deep the foundations of a pure white man's party, which will as surely shape the future of this country as God lives. The grand pass-word to office will be: "Attention! none but white men on deck!"

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